4

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/marksteadmanorsh00newyiala

MARK STEADMAN;

OR,

SHOW YOUR COLORS.

FROM THE LONDON TRACT SOCIETY.

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.

PZ6
A1M34

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Mark at Home ---------- PAGE 5

CHAPTER II.

Captain Jack ---------- 20

CHAPTER III.

Captain Jack's Story ---------- 34

CHAPTER IV.

Leaving Home ---------- 49

CHAPTER V.

The First Sunday ---------- 68

CHAPTER VI.

Trials and Encouragements ---------- 95

CHAPTER VII.

A Trial of Principle ---------- 111

622825

CHAPTER VIII.

As is the Master, so is the Servant ---------- 130

CHAPTER IX.

The Scarlet Fever ---------- 150

CHAPTER X.

The Visitor and the Sick Penitent ---------- 173

CHAPTER XI.

The Return Home ---------- 198

MARK STEADMAN;

OR,

SHOW YOUR COLORS.

CHAPTER I.

Mark at Home.

The long beams of the afternoon sun were streaming down the dusty white street of a seaport town in South Wales. The heat had driven even those visitors who usually astonish the inhabitants of such a place as this by their defiance of sun and glare, to take refuge in their shady lodgings. Not a sound therefore broke the sleepy silence of the summer afternoon, and scarcely a human being was to be seen, excepting that at the door

of a small shop in the upper end of the street a young lad was standing, who every now and then came out upon the pavement, and gazed down the street towards the sea, as though he were looking out for some one.

Over the door of this shop was a board, on which was painted the announcement,

MARY STEADMAN,
LICENSED DEALER IN TOBACCO, SNUFFS, ETC.

while in the window was displayed an array of pipes of every sort and description, from the well-known sailor's short pipe to the most singular productions in porcelain, with twisted stems and colored tassels.

On a pedestal inside the door stood a small individual, who was not only regarded as a very important personage in the Steadman family, but was also the wonder and admiration of all the children in the town. This was a little fig-

ure in Highland costume, commonly known by the name of Dumbiedikes, who held in his hand an enormous mull, supposed to contain the best Scotch snuff, and from which he appeared to invite all the passers-by to take a pinch.

The young lad who stood in the doorway of this shop might have been about sixteen years of age, though from his height he scarcely looked as much, for he was short, but at the same time firmly and strongly built. The expression of his face did not display any unusual intelligence or quickness of perception; it indicated rather a cautious thoughtfulness, accompanied by much quiet determination. He did not look like a character so likely to gain at starting in the race of life as like one who would hold out without flagging to the end; but perhaps what was the most remarkable in his appearance was, the utter absence of

all thought of himself, and the perfect simplicity and directness exhibited in every word and action.

There was nothing indolent in his attitude, as he stood thus in the doorway, looking every now and then down the street; but he appeared to be waiting for some one with patient composure, rather than merely endeavoring to while away the time.

"Ah, old Dumbiedikes!" exclaimed he at last, looking up at the little Highlander on the pedestal beside him, "if I ever do make a fortune, as Uncle Watson says, you must have a new coat; for I declare you have never had a bit of new paint upon you these seven years, and it would be hard to say now what your colors are." And then the recollection recurred to his mind that, many years ago, when he was quite a little boy, his father had once told him, in an-

swer to some childish question he had asked about the little Highlander, that the Scottish clans each wore a dress of a particular color and pattern, so that, as soon as you saw a man, you could tell at once whether he were a Campbell, a Lindsay, or a Macgregor, and thus recognize in him a friend or foe, and treat him accordingly. "And so it is in the world, Mark, as you will find some day," his father added; "we must carry our colors about with us, and not be ashamed to show them, in order that folks may see at once what we mean, and to which side we wish to belong in the great strife between God and the devil."

As Mark was thinking over this, and reflecting that the time of which his father had spoken as "some day" was now probably come for him, he caught sight of a woman in black, walking slowly up the street. "There's mother at last,"

said he to himself, "and now I shall hear what Uncle Jack thinks about my going to Bristol."

Mrs. Steadman soon came up, and smiled as she looked at her son's expectant face; she said nothing, however, but quietly followed him into the house.

"I have put the kettle on, mother," said Mark; "and now while you are taking off your things I'll make the tea, and then you can tell me what Uncle Jack thinks about it, before the children come in."

Mark then carried the tea-tray with the cups and saucers, and the bread and butter, into the little parlor at the back of the shop, where he set them out as neatly as he could upon the table in front of the open window, and presently his mother again entered the room.

"I'm afraid you've had a very hot walk, mother," said Mark, as Mrs. Stead-

man took her seat at the table; "I hope you found Uncle Jack at home."

"Yes, my dear," replied she, "fortunately, he had just come in, and so I showed him Mr. Watson's letter; and after turning the matter over in his mind, he came to just the same decision as we did. He thinks there is no doubt that you ought to go; and he advises that you should write to your Uncle Watson by to-night's post, thanking him for his proposal, and telling him that you will hold yourself in readiness to come as soon as he wishes."

"Very well, mother," replied Mark, "I dare say it's all right. If I don't make a fortune, as Uncle Watson prophesies, I may at any rate be able to help you more than by staying at home here in the shop, now that Joe is old enough to take my place."

"You see, if Joe was a strong and

healthy lad like you, it would be different," said Mrs. Steadman. "It would be more natural then for him to go out into something else, and for you, being the eldest, to take to the business here; but as it is, you know, he is often fit for nothing but to lie by and be nursed, so that I should be in constant anxiety if he were away from me; and besides, with his health, no one would like to take him."

"No, certainly," said Mark; "there's no doubt I'm the one to go, if any one does."

"Yes," replied his mother; "and though I shall miss you so much, Mark, more than I can tell you, yet I think in every way this will be a good thing for you. Your uncle has made a good deal of money in the business; for I remember hearing some years ago, when your aunt, your father's sister, was living,

that he was considered a rich, well-to-do man, and of course this may be in many ways a good thing for you. He has no sons, only three little girls, and if you get on well with him, you might get a share in the business some day. Besides, as Uncle Jack says, it 's not good for any one to spend all his life in one place, just among his own family and friends, and never to be tried at all, so as to see the stuff he 's made of. It has been very smooth sailing for you hitherto; you have had nothing to try you as yet, my boy."

"That 's true, mother," replied Mark thoughtfully.

"But still," said Mrs. Steadman, "as I was saying to Uncle Jack when he began to speak of the dangers you 'd be likely to meet with in the world, God is as much in one place as in another, and as able to keep us from falling there as

here; and I can't think that you, having once begun, as I do hope and trust you have, to walk in the narrow way, would be for turning back and forgetting all you have heard and felt."

"I hope not, mother," answered Mark; "but I expect it's rather a different thing; however, I think I will get the letter-case, and write at once to Uncle Watson, before the children come in."

The letter had to be re-written once or twice, for it was to be a specimen of Mark's best writing and composition; and before it was finished, Mary and Joe Steadman, with the two younger children, came in from their walk, so that the evening passed away without any further conversation between Mark and his mother over his future prospects.

Mrs. Steadman had been a widow for about six years. Neither she nor her husband was a native of South Wales,

but they had removed there from Southampton a short time after her marriage. On her husband's death, the widow found many kind friends around her, by whose aid she had been enabled to carry on the business, and thus support herself and her five children. Of these, Mark was the eldest; and for the last three years he had helped his mother in the shop; but now his younger brother Joseph was thirteen, and quite able to take his place; and being, moreover, a delicate boy, his mother was anxious to keep him near her. Something, therefore, had to be found for Mark. Uncle Jack had suggested the sea; but Mark, though possessed of some of the qualities needful to form a good sailor, had not that peculiar passion for a seafaring life which is so strong in some boys, and which carries them through all its hardships and dangers.

In her perplexity, it had occurred to Mrs. Steadman to write and ask the advice of Mr. Watson, her husband's brother-in-law, who had a long-established linen drapery business in Bristol. In reply to this letter, Mr. Watson had proposed to employ Mark in his own business for six months on trial; after which, if he went on well, and seemed likely to succeed in this kind of employment, he offered to provide him with a permanent situation.

It was a subject requiring a good deal of consideration before either Mark or his mother could decide that it would be right to accept this proposal. Mr. Watson, it was true, was Mark's uncle; that is to say, he had married the sister of Mr. Steadman; but she had been dead for some years, so that the relationship might almost be said to have dropped; at any rate, Mrs. Steadman's acquaint-

ance with Mr. Watson was very slight indeed. Another difficulty was, the deficient education which Mark had received. It was all that his mother had been able to afford him, but they both felt certain it must be very inferior to what other young men in that position usually enjoyed; and it was a question whether he would really be competent to undertake all that his uncle would require of him.

There were two persons to whom they decided at length to refer these perplexities. One was Uncle Jack, whose opinion we have already heard; the other was Mr. Griffiths, Mark's most kind friend and guide, the teacher of a Bible-class to which he belonged. For the last two years he had taken a deep interest in the fatherless boy; and Mark felt that, besides being indebted to him for his impressions of religious truth

and the practical way in which he had brought them to his mind, he also owed him much as having awakened in him an interest in many important subjects of which he would otherwise have been wholly ignorant. There was perhaps no one who knew so well what Mark was, and of what he was capable, as Mr. Griffiths, and this Mark himself felt; so that he was one of the first persons to be consulted as to the proposal contained in Mr. Watson's letter. After talking it over with him, Mark seemed to see his way more clearly before him, and in accordance with his advice, had fully determined to accept Mr. Watson's offer, and to go to Bristol at once.

Mrs. Steadman, however, could not feel entirely satisfied with Mark's decision until she had taken counsel, as we have seen, with "Uncle Jack," her brother and only surviving relative;

but he is far too important a character to be introduced at the end of a chapter. If the space occupied by each individual were regulated according to his merits, then many a great person would have to move out of the way in order to make room for Captain Jack.

CHAPTER II.

Captain Jack.

John Masters—or, as he was commonly called, Captain Jack, was born and "*rared*," to use his own expression, in Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. His father had been the captain of a small merchant-vessel, and as his children grew up, the boys, one after another, had taken to the sea as a matter of course. Of the once numerous family, Mrs. Steadman and himself were now the sole survivors.

While he had still pursued a seafaring life, his sister's house had always been his home when in port; but, a few years before, he had received such severe injuries in a fall from the rigging, that he could now walk but with diffi-

culty, and only a short distance at a time. His present abode was a small house on the pier, where he lived quite alone, fulfilling the office of ball-keeper, that is, he had the charge of the large black canvas-ball, which, as soon as the tide was high enough for any vessel to enter the harbor, had to be hauled to the top of a mast at the pier-head; and then when the tide again went down too low, down also must come the ball. At night a lighted lantern took its place. Morning, noon, and night, and in all weathers, Captain Jack was at his post; and often he might be seen standing at the foot of the mast, with his great silver watch in one hand, and the tide-table in the other, waiting for the precise moment to hoist the ball.

Partly, we suppose, because he had been used to a ship all his life, or possibly as a sort of mark of affection, Cap-

tain Jack always spoke of this ball as "she;" and often he would begin talking of it to a stranger, without any farther introduction or explanation than this, so that many persons imagined he was speaking of a wife or child. He had neither of these, however, which may account for the way in which he spoke of the ball; but he lived, as we have said, in this little house on the pier, all alone, doing every thing for himself in his handy sailor fashion. During the greater part of the day he might be seen leaning his elbows on the sea-wall, looking out over the sea, humming to himself an old psalm-tune; every now and then he would enter into a discussion with some ancient comrade, as to what the weather was going to do next; breaking it off, perhaps, in the middle by taking out his watch, and saying, "She 'll be about looking out for

me now, I expect;" or, "There, have it your own way: I can't keep *her* waiting while we settle it."

Of all the days in the week, Sunday was Captain Jack's busiest; for on that day only did he attempt to walk into the town, setting off early, in order to reach the place of worship where he always attended, in good time. Then it often happened that in the middle of the service the hour would arrive for hauling down or hoisting up the ball; and after a little disturbance in Captain Jack's pew, he would pull out his glazed hat from under the seat, and march forth; always returning, however, if the service were not quite over, when he had done his work.

It was a trying thing for the good captain if this interruption should chance to occur during the singing, which was a part of the service in which he took

especial delight. He joined in it with both heart and voice, standing with his eyes fixed on his large hymn-book, held at arm's length, and quite lost to every thing else in his thorough and hearty participation in the sentiments of the hymn. The performance, it is true, did not always give so much satisfaction to those around him as it did to himself; for if it happened that the hymn expressed any particular truth or sentiment with which he felt peculiar sympathy, he would dwell on the words, utterly regardless of the "time" at which the rest of the congregation were singing; so that they did not so much regret when, as it sometimes occurred in the midst of a favorite hymn, he would glance at the clock, then suddenly slam together the covers of his hymn-book, get out his hat, and go forth to his duty.

As soon as the captain had eaten his

Sunday dinner, he would take a stroll on the pier, and entering into conversation with the sailors lounging about there, he would endeavor to persuade some of them to come with him to the service on board the *Bethel* ship; and a happy man was Captain Jack, as he hobbled along, followed by three or four young fellows whom he had induced to accompany him where they might hear the glad tidings of salvation and victory over sin. If he happened to meet any good man of his acquaintance on the way, he would telegraph to him his success and his gratification at it, by a beaming smile, a knowing twitch of his eyebrow, and a jerk of his shoulder in the direction of his comrades.

But we must pay a visit to Captain Jack in his own home. It is another warm evening; the tide is coming in, and the great ships come floating into

the harbor. The black ball has just been hoisted to the top of the mast, so that the captain, without anxiety or fear of disturbance, can devote himself to the preparation of a nice little tea, which he is getting ready in order to do honor to the farewell visit of his nephew, Mark Steadman. On the hob of the little grate stands the black teapot, set to draw; while on the fender is placed a plate of toast, well soaked in salt butter. Before the fire stands Captain Jack himself, carefully watching the grilling of a mackerel on the gridiron over the coals; every now and then, however, taking his eyes off the fish to glance at the large hymn-book set upon the mantelshelf, from which he is singing one of his favorite hymns:

"Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

"Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

"Oh, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

"Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care."

Just as the captain was singing this last verse, Mark came in; and then the teapot, the toast, and the mackerel were all put upon the table, and they both sat down to their meal. When Mark had eaten as much as he could and should, though not so much as his uncle would have had him take, Captain Jack put away the cups and plates, and then sat himself down in a large wooden chair, close by the little window which looked across the pier into the harbor.

After a few remarks and criticisms on the different kinds of "craft" that were coming in, the captain suddenly exclaimed, "I say, Mark, what's that big parcel down under your chair?"

Mark looked down, and saw under his chair a brown paper parcel. "I don't know, uncle," said he, taking it up. "I did n't see it there just now."

"It's no property of mine," said the captain, laughing and rubbing his hands, "I know that; and as finding's keeping, why, you'd better keep it, Mark."

Mark turned the parcel round, but there was no address upon it; and it was tied up so skilfully, with so many knots, that it was impossible to discover what were its contents without opening it.

"Open it, lad," said his uncle. "There is no direction; let us see if it is for any of us."

Mark opened the parcel, and in it found a handsome Bible, a hymn-book like the one the captain always used, and four shillings. Inside the Bible was written—

"MARK STEADMAN."

"Holy Bible, book divine;
Precious treasure—*it is thine.*"

and in the hymn-book Mark also found his own name, with the words—

"For this our truest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing,
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing."

"Thank you, uncle," exclaimed Mark, when he had looked at the books. "It is very kind indeed to get me these."

"But I've never said as 't was I put them there," replied the captain. "You'd better keep your thanks till you know where they came from. Anyways you're the owner, it seems; and I think, my

boy, the person who gave them to you hopes and trusts you'll make a good use of them. I am sure I may say that, let it be who it may."

"I hope I shall," replied Mark quietly.

"I've no doubt," said Captain Jack, "that your mother has said to you every thing, almost, that can be said in the way of good advice and counsel; for she's a good woman, Mark, and a wise one too, which is more than can be said of most of them—but that's neither here nor there. However, what I was going to say is this, my boy: your mother don't, perhaps, rightly know how hard you'll find it to keep to the good way, when every thing's dead against you. It's one thing sculling about here in the harbor, in the smooth water; but it's no more like making way against wind and tide, than running down hill is like

climbing those rocks. I know you wish to be a good lad, Mark; and I do hope you have really made up your mind to be on the Lord's side, and to sail under the great Captain's orders; but there 's just one thing I 'd like to say to you, now you 're going to leave port for the first time, and that is—*show your colors.* Wherever you go, do n't be ashamed of them. Carry your colors flying, so that all you meet may see at once who and what you are. If you stick up the enemy's colors, just to avoid a bit of a tussle at first, you 'll be in for it soon; for they wo n't let you haul them down again, and it 'll go hard but you 'll be sailing in his service afore long. I know what it is myself; and I always found, if I let folks know pretty soon what I was, or, at least, wished to be, I might get a few hard names to begin with; but, after a bit, they 'd let me alone,

excepting as they kept a sharp lookout to see me fall; which, you see, is a good thing in its way, too, because it makes you keep a good lookout ahead yourself, and mind where you 're going, and follow your chart. I 've seen many a young chap, when first he came aboard, who did n't half like what he saw and heard; but instead of speaking out, he 'd make some other excuse as it were, to get out of it for awhile; but after a bit, he 'd be sure to be drawn into it; for 't is by the Lord's power we stand, and I do n't see how we can go to ask him for his help when we are denying him, and making believe we 've got nothing to do with him. 'T is half the battle, I do assure you, to show your colors at once. It is n't much I can say to you, my boy, for I never was a great talker myself—more 's the pity, for I might have done more good, may-be; so you 'll

just mind this now, Mark, from Uncle Jack, won't you?"

"I will try, uncle," replied Mark.

"And now," said the captain, "I've been turning over in my mind, most all day, what we could do to make an evening of it; for, you see, I never was the good company that some are. But, if you like it, we'll sing a hymn, and then I'll tell you the story of my brother Ben. Perhaps you may n't have heard it, for your mother was such a little lass then."

"No," replied Mark; "I do n't think I ever heard his name before."

"It's a long yarn," said Captain Jack, "but you ought to hear it; so, when we've sung this hymn—

> "'Am I a soldier of the cross,
> A follower of the Lamb?'

I'll tell you the story of poor Ben."

CHAPTER III.

Captain Jack's Story.

"Let me see," began the captain, counting on his fingers; "two tens is twenty, and twelve is thirty-two, and eight more is forty; is n't it? Well, it might be forty years ago, when one afternoon my brother Ben and I were down on the beach by Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, which, as you know, was where we were born and brought up. I 've seen a good many places here and there, great cities and fine streets, and grand houses, and coral reefs, and palm-trees; but just put me on the cliff above where the forts are now built, with a fine breeze down the Channel, and the tide on the turn, and to my mind there 's no finer sight in the whole world than to stand

there and watch the great ships coming down from Southampton, with all their sails up and flags flying. But, however, that 's neither here nor there—as I was a-saying, it 's forty years ago that I stood there with my brother Ben, when all at once he said, 'Let 's go across and see how Joe is;' for, you see, Joe was working in the ship-building line at Lymington.

"There was nothing I liked so well as to go about anywhere with Ben, for I was a little fellow, just twelve, and he was rising eighteen, and as tall and strong as ever I 've seen any one since. He was just come back from his second voyage, and was looking out for another berth, and I 'd been promised to go with him next time. I 've often heard mother say that no woman had more need to thank God than she, for such a good son as Ben was.

"Well, we went over to Lymington that afternoon, and we found Joe at work on a very fine yacht; so, after talking over this and that, he tells Ben about a gentleman, a Lord C——, who was down there looking out for a crew for this yacht. 'It's only a three months' cruise in the Mediterranean,' says Joe; 'the pay is first-rate, and you 'll be sure to get a handsome present at the end of the voyage besides. I'd go, by all means, if I was you; he wants another man and a boy, and that will just do for you and Jack.' I remember Ben made some objections at first, because he did n't much like these fancy things; but after a bit Joe talked him round, and I did my best, too, for I was mad to go; so the end of it was that we went up to the hotel in Lymington, where Lord C—— was staying, and he engaged us both at once I can see Lord C——

now, as if it was only yesterday, as he was standing at the inn door with another gentleman, who I knew afterwards was Mr. Darlington. He was a tall, light-haired young man, almost as fair as a woman, and he had on a blue coat with bright buttons, and his collar turned off from his neck, as I've seen some young gentlemen wear it in these days. I'd heard plenty of bad language before then among the sailors down on the pier, but I never heard any body in all my life swear so awful as this young gentleman. I could see Ben was n't very well pleased with his bargain, though he did n't say much to me about it as we went back. The night before we left, as mother was packing our chest, she put in a new Bible, in which she wrote my name; and then she said, 'There 's only one thing I want to ask of you, Jack, and that is, that you won't

forget to pray to God every night and morning, nor to read your Bible whenever you can. Ben gave me this promise when he went out on his first voyage, and I don't believe he's ever broke it.'

"The next morning early we went over to Lymington, and got on board the yacht, where we found every thing ready to sail. We were out, as I remember, by the afternoon tide, and before night were going down the Channel with a stiff breeze. For the first few days, you may fancy, I didn't know much about what was going on in the yacht, for I was very sick, and wished myself home again with mother a hundred times. Ben came sometimes to see how I was getting on, but he always laughed at me, and said I should be all right after a bit. When we had got past the Bay of Biscay, I began to find my

sea-legs, and to run about as usual, and then I found what a bad lot we 'd got among; and the gentlemen, I must say, beat the men, for they seemed to take a downright delight in mocking at every thing good. From that time to this I have never been in such a crew as that was. I noticed pretty soon that, somehow or other, there was a great deal of ill-wind against Ben; there was n't one of the men that had a civil word for him, and I knew it was because he would n't join them in their evil ways; but as he never spoke about it to me, I said nothing to him.

"The second Sunday we were on board I shall never forget. I was too sick the first Sunday to do any thing more than I was forced to do, but this day was quiet enough, and we were making way slowly down the Mediterranean. After dinner, Ben said to me,

'Come, Jack, we 've had no service to-day; let us read a bit out of the good book.' So I went and fetched my new Bible out of the chest, and we got into as quiet a corner as we could, and began to read. For some time no one took notice of us, and we talked about what we were reading, which I remember was the history of Daniel being put into the den of lions because he would not leave off praying to God. At last one of the men came up and asked us what we were after there.

"'Reading the Bible,' said Ben, as quiet as possible. Thereupon the man broke out, calling us all manner of names, and what was worse, saying all kinds of dreadful things about the word of God itself. I remember so well how I crept behind Ben and watched the man, expecting every moment that God would strike him dead for talking as he

did about the Bible; but, you see, I did n't know then all the mercy and forbearance of the Lord in sparing sinners, nor that the blessed Saviour was willing to receive even such as he. After a bit, one or two more of the crew came up, and they wanted to get the book from Ben to look at it, as they said; but he knew it was only for their wicked fun; so Ben put the book into the front of his shirt, and folding his arms, said he would give it to no one, for it was God's book; but if they really wished to know what was in it, and had a mind to listen, he would read to them out of it. At this they only laughed, and just at that moment the mate seeing Lord C—— and Mr. Darlington coming up the cabin stairs on deck, he made off and told them what was going on.

"Mr. Darlington laughed, and said it was highly diverting; but Lord C——

was furious, and swore he 'd have the book and throw it overboard, for he 'd have no such sneaking, methodistical nonsense on board his vessel. At that two or three of the men would have laid hands on Ben to force the book from him; but Mr. Darlington, laughing all the while, says, 'Come, my lord, we cannot expect to find enlightened views among sailors; you and I are above this folly, but we must allow a certain amount of superstition to the ignorant. The fellow will only think himself a blessed martyr if you allow this to proceed any farther; besides, according to the rights of man, it is his property, and he is justified in defending it.' So Mr. Darlington put his hand into Lord C——'s arm, and they walked towards the other end of the vessel, my lord vowing all the while that he would get rid of us as soon as he got to Naples, for he 'd have

no such mean cowardly fellows on board the yacht. But he did n't think what was going to happen when he called Ben a coward.

"It was n't very smooth sailing for Ben and me after this, as you might suppose, but it would take too long to tell all that the men would do to vex and plague us; and Lord C——, I must say, was always ready to set them on. It 's a wonder to me now, when I think of the grace and help the Lord must have given us, to keep us as he did. For my part, I could only ask every hour almost when we should get to Naples; and then Ben would talk to me and remind me of the patience of our blessed Lord, and how he put up with worse things from wicked men when he was on earth; and all this he bore, too, for our sakes, and instead of the punishment we deserved for our sins, so that

it was hard if we could n't bear a little for him. 'And do n't you remember, too,' said Ben, 'the stories of the martyrs in mother's book at home, how they all their lives had to put up with what we have to endure only for a little time. Cheer up, Jack, it will soon be over; if all this brings us to love and trust the Saviour more, we shall bless God for it some day.'

"It was one evening that we came in sight of the coast of Italy, and the next morning we were to land in Naples. I went down to my berth pleased enough to think that it was our last night aboard this yacht; but I had n't been asleep more than an hour or so, when I woke up all of a sudden, hearing a great running to and fro on the deck, and cries of Fire! In a moment I was dressed and on the deck, where the men were already getting the boat down. I saw the flames

breaking out in several places, and every body was getting into the boat as quick as possible. It was Ben's watch that night, and the moment he saw me come up, he took hold of me to put me into the boat. Mr. Darlington, I remember, was the first to leave the ship, and we were the last. I was just getting down, with Ben behind me, when all of a sudden one of the men in the boat called out, 'Where is Lord C——? Has any one seen him?'

"'It's of no use to wait,' said Mr. Darlington; 'some of you ought to have thought of him before. He was drinking all last evening, and he will never be able to leave his cabin. Pull off, and let us save ourselves if we can.'

"'One moment,' cried Ben, and he sprung back into the yacht. In another minute he was at the side of the ship again, with Lord C—— in his arms. My

lord was so drunk he could n't stand, and did n't seem to know where he was. He was lowered into the boat by Ben, and the men had hardly got hold of him, when the plank, or something that Ben stood on, gave way. He staggered and caught at a rope hanging there, but he missed it, and then fell back into the burning vessel.

"'Pull for your lives!' shouted Mr. Darlington, 'the yacht 's going down.'

"I remember I tried to jump into the water, but some one held me back, and I do n't know rightly what happened afterwards, till I found the sun was shining, and we were landing at the quay of Naples.

"When Lord C—— came to himself, he was terribly cut up about what had happened. He wanted me to stay with him still, but I could think of nothing but getting home as quick as I could;

so then he took a passage for me on board a vessel that was leaving for England. He sent my mother a present of fifty pounds, and when I went to the hotel to thank him, he said to me as I was going off, 'Stick to your colors, boy; there must be something in religion when it makes a man so brave and good as your poor brother. I can't tell you how I feel when I think what it would have been for me, if I had gone down instead of him. As for him, I am sure, if there is a heaven, he is there; and for me, I can only hope I may be able to make a better use of the life he has saved at the cost of his own.'

"And now, I am sure, I need n't tell you, Mark, that I have never forgot my first voyage," concluded Captain Jack. "Of Lord C—— I have never heard since, nor whether he really led a different life; but my poor brother's death,

and especially his good example on board the yacht, and the way he used to talk to me, so laid hold of my mind, that I could have no peace until I had learned to love and trust the same Saviour, and determined to spend my life in his service; and may God bless you, my dear boy, and lead and keep you in the same way. Now we 'll sing, if you like, the hymn, 'Give me the wings of faith to rise; 'Old Winchester' tune."

So Mark and his uncle sang together those beautiful words, beginning,

"Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be."

And then Mark wished his uncle good evening, and returned home.

CHAPTER IV.

Leaving Home.

Punctually at eleven o'clock the next morning, Mark might have been seen on the deck of the steamer which was to convey him to Bristol. The last good-bys at home had been said, and now his mother and one of his sisters stood waving their handkerchiefs to him from the shore, when the bell rang, the paddle-wheels began to splash the water, the plank was taken up, and the vessel was steaming her way out of the harbor. At the pier-head stood Captain Jack, with one arm round the mast on which the ball was hoisted, while with the other he waved his glazed hat, and shouted, "God bless you, my boy!

Cheer up, my hearty!" as the steamer passed below.

The day was perfectly calm, and the blue summer sea had scarcely a ripple upon it excepting where the vessel divided its waters; so that Mark experienced none of the uncomfortable sensations common to young sailors, but stood for some time at the stern of the vessel, watching the well-known rocks and pier as they gradually faded out of sight. Then he sat down, and began to realize to himself that he had actually left his home behind him, and with it the immediate presence of that affection which had been perpetually around him from his infancy. He knew that whatever kind friends he might meet with in his new life, he never could be to them all that he had been in the eyes of those from whom he was now separated; and he thought that this separation would be no

mere temporary parting, but that it was the commencement of a final breaking away from the guardianship and restraint hitherto exercised over him, as well as a removal from the habits and influences of his old life. His course as yet had been, as Uncle Jack expressed it, like a little boat floating peacefully in a safe harbor; but now his capabilities and powers of endurance were to be tried among the breakers and quicksands in the great ocean of the world. Of the dangers to be met with there Mark knew very little; but let it be remembered, it is not an acquaintance with the wrong road which will enable any one to walk in the right; and though Mark had very little idea of the snares lying before him, yet he knew much, both from instruction and from experience, of the many heart-felt joys which are ever springing up among the rough-

nesses of the strait and narrow path. As he thought of the unknown temptations and trials which he was now going forth to encounter, he felt some fear, for he was aware of the treachery of his own nature, which would always be for yielding quietly, rather than for offering any resistance; but he lifted up his heart in prayer that the Saviour, who knows the world better than any human being can, who has been in it himself, and yet not of it, would be continually with him, upholding, guiding, and strengthening him every moment.

Mark had, many times before this, endeavored to exercise that faith in Christ which consists in trusting the soul to his care as its Saviour, but he had hitherto only thought of being saved at last from the future punishment merited by his sins in another world; now he found that he needed a Saviour for his soul in

this life as well as in the hour of death; and that before the time came when this final salvation should be his, he had to run a race through a road filled with dangers, to fight a good fight with surrounding foes, and to hold fast the faith, while a thousand subtle adversaries strove with superhuman cunning to pluck it from him.

Then he thought of what Uncle Jack had said about showing his colors, and he wondered whether it meant that he was to begin at once to talk to other people of those things which were so precious and interesting to him, but which might not be so to them; or whether he ought to wait till some circumstance called on him to make a stand against what was wrong; and he decided that this was what Uncle Jack intended.

The day appeared very long to Mark, for there were few passengers on board,

and none of them seemed much disposed to notice the solitary boy. His mother had packed up for him a basket of nice things, with which he might refresh himself during the voyage; and his teacher, Mr. Griffiths, had given him a new book; so with the help of these occupations for body and mind, he managed to pass the time until the evening, when they reached the mouth of the Bristol river. The usual wearisome delay occurred here, there not being sufficient water for the vessel to continue her way up the stream, and thus the shadows of the summer twilight had already fallen on the picturesque crags and wooded banks, when the tide had risen high enough to allow of their proceeding to their destination; and Mark therefore could see but little of those beauties which make the scenery of the Avon for a short distance as charming as any river scenery in England.

But at length the long day's voyage ended, and the passengers, with their luggage, were safely landed on the quay at the Hotwells; and Mark soon found himself in an omnibus, driving through the streets of Bristol. It was already dark when the omnibus stopped, after many delays, before a shop which, though closed now for the night, Mark identified as his uncle's, for the name of "Watson," in large gold letters, sparkled in the gas-light over the door. He rang the bell at the side-entrance, and he and his box were soon ushered into a narrow passage, where his first impulse was to ask for his uncle; but before he could do this, a voice called out over the staircase:

"If that is Mr. Steadman, desire the young gentleman to walk up stairs into my sitting-room."

It was the first time that Mark had

ever answered to either of these titles; but still he would have had no hesitation in recognizing them as applied to himself, even without the explanation of the servant who had opened the door:

"You are to go up to Miss Finch's parlor directly."

At the top of the staircase Mark was received by a little old lady, who made him such a profound courtesy that he felt quite confused, and he returned it with a bow that he was quite conscious was *not* his best. She then threw open the door of a room, and waved her hand for him to enter. It was quite a relief to Mark to find that the room was empty, for he dreaded being ushered into the presence of some still more formidable being than the little old lady with her short flaxen curls and upright figure. After placing him a chair, Miss Finch began in a very deliberate voice, as

though she studied each sentence as she uttered it:

"I hope, Mr. Steadman, you have had an agreeable journey."

"Very," replied Mark, "thank you."

"You reside in Wales, I believe?" said Miss Finch.

"Yes," answered Mark; "I have lived there nearly all my life till now."

"Allow me to express the great pleasure that I feel in welcoming a nephew of Mr. Watson beneath this roof, and the hope that he may find a happy home here," said Miss Finch.

"Thank you," replied Mark. "Is my uncle in?"

"Never at this hour, Mr. Steadman," said Miss Finch. "He leaves the business at six. He has, however, desired me to say to you that he hopes to see you to-morrow."

"Does not my uncle live here?" asked Mark.

"Certainly not," replied Miss Finch; "he resides in a villa at Clifton. He was sorry that you had not arrived before his hour for leaving, and hoped that you would find every thing comfortable here. There was something also, I think, that he wished me to say to you. Yes," continued Miss Finch, tapping her forehead, "he thinks it as well, in order to prevent any unpleasantness or jealousy which might arise, that you should not be known here as his nephew. He desires to do all he can for you, but he does not wish there should be any apparent difference between you and the other young men in the house. I believe this was the substance of his remarks to me on the subject. You will of course, therefore, be good enough to speak of him always as Mr. Watson,

and not to allude to any ties of relationship."

"Certainly," replied Mark, "since Mr. Watson wishes it;" but at the same time he could not resist a depressing sensation which came over him at the idea that the little consolation which he had been administering to himself in parting from all his former friends for the first time, by endeavoring to imagine that he was going to a relative, who would therefore feel more than a stranger's interest or affection, was now taken from him, and that he had to stand his ground and fight his own battles alone.

"And now, I believe," began Miss Finch, "our interview is terminated. I can only say besides, that if you have any complaints to make of any thing in the domestic arrangements, I hope you will apply to me at once. Every thing here is in my charge, and under my su-

perintendence. Some of the young men are not so gentlemanly as I could wish ; but I am sure that they will all bear witness to my pains and assiduity in the discharge of my duties."

"I have no doubt I shall be very happy here," murmured Mark, as he rose to leave.

"My position here is very different from what it has been, Mr. Steadman," remarked Miss Finch, also rising. "During my dear sister's lifetime—one of the most amiable and accomplished of human beings—we had a large and prosperous establishment for young ladies at Carlton Villa, Clifton. Mr. Watson took the house off my hands ; and I am here. But 'such is life,' as some one, I forget who, has justly remarked."

Miss Finch then rang the bell, and desired the servant to show Mr. Steadman down stairs. "I always sup in

my own apartment," she observed, as Mark again attempted a bow, which he feared would lay him also under the charge of "not being so gentlemanly as Miss Finch could have wished."

As Mark followed the servant down stairs, she opened the door of a small parlor behind the shop, and Mark entering, perceived two young men sitting near the gas-light which burned over the mantel-shelf, reading. The younger of them, who did not look much older than Mark, rose as the door opened, and advancing towards the new-comer with his hand stretched out in a theatrical attitude, exclaimed :

"Welcome, Mr. Matthew Steady-man, to the fruitful plains and wide domains of Messrs. Watson and Co. Allow me also the pleasure of first introducing to you my friend Mr. Verdant—I mean, Mr. Vincent Green," and he waved his hand

in the direction of his companion, who looked up from his book, smiled quietly, and shook hands with Mark, saying at the same time,

"Pray let's have no more nonsense, Archer."

"Now," began the other again, "you go on with your novel. I was about to add that, secondly, I should request the privilege of calling the attention of Mr. Steady-man to the humble individual who now addresses you. His name is Archer—Charlie Archer, of a very ancient and well-known family. One of our ancestors, as you are no doubt aware, distinguished himself during the dark ages by shooting at a frog; and there is every reason to believe that the first letter of the alphabet—great A—was invented by him, as the initial of the family name. So that you see, in fact, we may be considered as the leaders in

les belles lettres, as well as being highly distinguished for our proficiency in *les beaux* arts."

Mark did not in the least know how to reply to this speech. It was a style of talking to which he had been hitherto quite unaccustomed, and he did not understand it. He saw Mr. Green laugh, so he laughed too, and drawing a chair forward, sat down awkwardly on the edge of it, feeling quite abashed and shy.

Presently Mr. Charles Archer looked at his watch, and observing that it was past nine, announced his intention of presiding at the supper-table—for the cloth was already laid—without any longer awaiting the return of their "distinguished president."

"You have already been introduced," said he to Mark, as he took his seat at the head of the table, "to the first and

second persons singular, it only remains to make you acquainted with the third person, or the person spoken *of*, as the grammar-books say. Now that individual, allow me to inform you, is no less a personage than the famous Alexander the Great, who, after conquering all the world for which he sighed, has at length condescended to take the situation of senior assistant in the woollen-drapery business of Messrs. Watson and Co., and is content to reign supreme over a simple village *Green*, with one humble *Archer* as his body-guard, and a *Steady-man* as general servant. He is now, probably, engaged in settling some question of great moment to the universe in general, and which accounts for his absence on the present occasion."

"If you mean the discussion-class," said Mr. Green, "I do not think it meets to-night. Tuesday is their evening."

"But," replied Archer, "I have been informed, on the authority of the Great Alexander, the vice-president, that the question—one of some importance—occupied so much time in discussion that an adjourned meeting was fixed for this evening, in order to settle it. I proposed to him to go and speak on either side, or on both sides if he liked; but he has never invited me again, since my unfortunate speech on spiritualism."

At that moment the hall-door was opened, and a step heard in the passage. Archer began whistling, "See, the conquering hero comes," and presently Mr. Alexander Cocks entered the room.

Archer immediately vacated his seat at the head of the table, and Mr. Cocks took his place. He then spoke to Mark, and asked him if he had had a pleasant journey; after which he turned to Archer, and said:

"We beat them; I knew we should, after Jones and Clark had spoken; they are both of them uncommonly clever fellows. The opposition melted away like snow; and when it came to the vote, they could only count five hands."

"What a pity you were not there, Steadman," said Archer, turning to Mark, "to have helped in the learned discussion."

"I can assure you we should really have been very glad to have had you on the other side," said Mr. Cocks. "It would have been more exciting if they could have put forward a more decided speaker; but the fact was, they were very weak indeed. Did you ever take a part in these meetings?"

"No," replied Mark.

"Then I hope you will allow me to introduce you next Tuesday," said Mr. Cocks. "We discuss all kinds of sub-

jects, and are glad to hear every variety of opinion."

The clock now struck ten, and at the same moment a step was heard descending the staircase, and presently Miss Finch threw open the parlor-door.

"Gentlemen," said she, looking round and bowing to each, "allow me to wish you all a very good night;" and then she withdrew again.

Mark looked up inquiringly after this little ceremony was over, and Archer said:

"She counts her chickens like this every night. The fact is, Mr. Watson, with a truly paternal anxiety, has made a rule that we are all to be in at ten o'clock; so, punctually as the hour strikes, Miss Finch descends, and first counts us and then the spoons, to see that all is right."

CHAPTER V.

The First Sunday.

The next day after Mark's arrival at Mr. Watson's, he was fully occupied in paying close attention to the directions given him as to his future work. The business was, as we have said, one of those long-established, old-fashioned shops, in which a less variety of goods is sold than is common at present in most linen-drapers', yet Mark found his new occupations sufficiently fatiguing and confusing during the first day; so that it was with a feeling of unusual relief that he recollected that the morrow was the day of rest.

A Sunday morning in the street of a large town cannot be remarkable for that calm beauty and serenity which is so

often observable at such seasons in the country; but although Mark could no longer look out towards the blue hills across the bay, or wander across the green lanes, or on the seashore, as he had often done on an early Sunday morning in summer at home, yet he could not help thinking that even the sky in the spaces between the roofs of the houses opposite had a peculiar look of freshness and peace which it had not worn on the previous day, and which seemed to declare that the week's toil was over, and the dust and soil of it cleansed away.

Mark found no one in the parlor when he went down, so he fetched a book, and placing himself by the open window began to read. As the clock struck nine, Miss Finch, dressed in a brilliant blue silk and new lace cap, sailed into the room, and inspired perhaps by the consciousness of her fine dress, her bow to

Mark was even more dignified and imposing than usual.

"I expect we shall have a *tête-à-tête* breakfast, Mr. Steadman," she remarked, as with a sweep of her dress she took her seat at the table.

Mark was not quite sure what kind of a breakfast that might be, so he only said, "Do you think so?"

"Yes," replied Miss Finch; "'Falsely luxurious will not man awake,' as the poet says. I always keep my place till ten on Sunday mornings—never later—and after that they must shift for themselves. I am glad to see that you practise early rising, Mr. Steadman."

"We are always earlier than usual on Sabbath mornings at home," said Mark, "there is so much to be done to get all ready in time for the service, and then almost the whole family go to the Sunday-school."

"Indeed!" answered Miss Finch. "Oh, I suppose your friends are pious people, Mr. Steadman."

Mark did not exactly know what to reply to this; but he said at last that he was sure his mother was a very good woman, and she had always tried to bring up her children in the same way.

"And you call yourself one of this kind of people, I conclude, Mr. Steadman?" asked Miss Finch.

Mark felt that this was a very disagreeable question, for he had always the strongest repugnance to speaking of his own feelings or opinions, so that it was with great difficulty that he brought out the words,

"I do not like to call myself, or to be called by any names of this kind, because I am afraid I may never be able to keep up the high character which they demand; but if you mean to ask,

Miss Finch, whether I am content to live only for this world, and to neglect the commandments of God, and especially the blessings he has offered us in Jesus Christ, I must reply that I am not, and hope I never shall be."

"Ah, yes," replied Miss Finch, "I understand. It is all the same thing. During the course of my life I have occasionally met with some very worthy people of your way of thinking, not so *genteel*, perhaps, but still much respected."

And here Miss Finch changed the subject, and began to ask Mark about Wales, and the people, and scenery, etc., until ten o'clock struck, when she rose, and wishing him good morning, left the room, remarking that she supposed he would spend the day out somewhere.

She had scarcely closed the door before Charlie Archer entered.

"Good morning!" exclaimed he; "and 'what does little Birdie say?' Have you actually been spending a whole hour here in her charming society alone? Well, it 's the early bird, they say, that catches the worm, and it serves the worm right for being up so early; so that will be a caution for you another time. And now, what would you like to do with yourself to-day? Shall we go up to Clifton, and on the down? I 'll show you about."

"Thank you," replied Mark, "I am much obliged; but I would rather not spend Sunday as a day of amusement."

"Oh!" exclaimed Archer, "that 's your line, is it? I rather suspected as much last night. But, my dear fellow, let me give you one piece of advice, and that is, don't attempt to be different from other people. It's the worst thing possible, I can assure you, if you ever want to get on in the world. And it's no use

either; because, though you may begin like this, yet sooner or later you'll have to give in; and then it really isn't worth while having made a fuss about it at first. I know quite well how you feel now, but those feelings will wear off after you have been here a little while, so it's just as well to begin as you mean to go on."

"That's just what I wish to do," replied Mark.

"Ah, that's all very well," said Archer; "many a fellow thinks *that* when first he leaves home; but after a time he finds out that it won't do. And after all, as to your going out to-day, why what harm can there be in that? We have no holiday but on Sunday; and the Sabbath was made for man, you know, and not man for the Sabbath."

"I know that," replied Mark; "I don't believe that in keeping the Sab-

bath holy we are conferring any kind of obligation, as it were, on God, who has given us the Sabbath ; but I look on it that in keeping the Sabbath as a day of rest from amusement as well as from work, we are not only obeying the command of God, but are doing that which is the best possible thing for ourselves."

"Well, each one to his taste," said Archer, turning to the breakfast-table ; "for my part, I've had enough of dull Sundays at school."

"I do not think a Sabbath well spent because it is dull," answered Mark ; "but what I mean is, that we ought to endeavor, once a week at least, to forget the things of this world, and try to turn our thoughts to those more serious things which, whether we will or no, we can't help having to do with ; and it seems to me, that whatever helps us in this is a right way of spending the Sabbath, and

whatever interferes with this must be bad."

Mark felt almost surprised at himself in having said as much as this, and Mr. Cocks having entered the room just as he had finished, the conversation dropped; and soon after Mark was on his way to the place of worship where his teacher, Mr. Griffiths, had recommended him to attend.

Owing to a mistake which he made in the time, the service had already commenced when Mark entered, and the congregation being large, Mark had to stand for a few minutes in the aisle before a seat could be found for him. Just at this moment, however, a gentleman happened to turn his head, and caught sight of Mark, who, being unaccustomed to strange places, felt quite shy and uncomfortable. In a moment the gentleman, opening his pew-door, beckoned to

him, and kindly invited him to enter. Mark found in the pew a lady, and two little girls about six or seven years of age, who made room for him. As soon as the service was ended, the gentleman on leaving the sanctuary turned to Mark, and asked him if he were not a stranger, and whether he had been long in Bristol.

Mark, in reply, told him that he had only left home for the first time two days before; and mentioning the name of his native town in Wales, added that it was by the recommendation of Mr. Griffiths, whose Bible-class he had been accustomed to attend, that he had been induced to choose this place of worship that morning. The gentleman then told him that he had a large Bible-class of young men connected with his congregation, which was accustomed to meet in a room adjoining every Sabbath after-

noon, and if he felt disposed, it would give him much pleasure to see him there. Mark was pleased to hear this; it seemed to him more like home than any thing he had met with since his arrival in Bristol; and he felt disposed to regard this stranger with that sudden impulse of friendly feeling which only those can understand who have found themselves previously surrounded by persons whose opinions and sentiments are opposite and uncongenial.

Mark came away much happier than he went. It appeared as though his merciful Father in heaven had already manifested some of that tender care for him with which he continually watches over those who love and honor him. Nor can we doubt but that in regarding this little incident as directed by his hand, Mark was perfectly right; for though we ought ever to guard against that spirit-

ual pride which makes us fancy sometimes that the whole machinery of Providence is employed on our especial behalf, and to accomplish some trivial object on which we may have set our hearts, yet we should never forget the promise of our Saviour in leaving this world: "Lo, I am with you alway;" nor need we hesitate to look for the manifestation of that presence in the direction and arrangement of all the events of our lives, and more especially in those things which tend in any way to help us on in our Christian course, or which enable us the more perfectly to resist temptation, or to keep clear of ungodly influences. There is no one, who has long been the follower of Jesus Christ, but who has proved many a time in his experience, that evil has been shut off from him and good influences thrown around him, through circumstances which were whol-

ly unexpected and beyond his own control.

Mark, while returning home, had a dread of again being questioned by his companions; and though to some this may appear as cowardly, yet the repugnance really arose from a kind of feeling which is far from cowardly. It is one thing to be ashamed of our sentiments and opinions, and another to experience a great reluctance to express them before others; and though it is true that if this sensitiveness be too much indulged, it may lead to false and cowardly conduct, yet it is equally notorious that boasters are often the first to fly, and that those who appear to have the least timidity in expressing their opinions or in displaying their more sacred feelings, are not the most firm always when pressed hard by the foe.

The stand which Mark knew that he

must take against those around him, was to be a resistance against the old foes of God and man, "the world, the flesh, and the devil;" and he felt that in making this he needed great grace and strength from above, for it was only by this grace that he differed in any way from the rest. He had the same nature as they, open to the same impressions, and liable to fall into the same temptations; and it was only as God should help him by his Holy Spirit that he could in any way overcome these.

He did not, therefore, look upon his companions as his foes, and imagine that the battle was to be fought out between him and them as individuals—a battle in which he was to play the part of a "blessed martyr," and they in the end to be signally defeated, and either punished for their treatment of him, or brought over to his side; but he felt

that the enemy to be watched and conquered was no one else but *himself*—that is, his nature—which being placed for the time among those who yielded to their native impulses, and had no desire to make the will of God their object in life, he would be strongly pressed to yield also, and to give up the toilsome narrow way for the easier broad road. Mark believed and hoped that he had begun to build on the true foundation, Jesus Christ; but he often feared lest he might on this lay nothing but wood, hay, stubble, instead of the gold and silver of a life consecrated to God.

On his return to Mr. Watson's house he found no one in the parlor but Mr. Green, who, yawning and stretching his arms, threw down the novel he had been reading the night before, and wondered "how ever anybody in the world could like to write such trash."

Mark felt much disposed to reply, that he supposed people liked to write it because other people liked to read it. He said nothing, however, and the dinner being ready, they both sat down to the table. Neither Mr. Cocks nor Charlie Archer made their appearance; and Mr. Green, after abusing both for going out before he came down and leaving him alone for the day, finished his meal in silence. Directly after dinner Mark set out for the Bible-class, and on entering the room, he found ten or twelve young men already assembled; and soon after his friend of the morning appeared, whose name he found, on inquiring of some one next to him, was Mr. Locke, "the manager of the bank in High-street," added his informant.

The class was going through a series of lessons on the young men of the Bible, and the subject for this afternoon was

the character and life of Daniel at the Babylonian court. Many of the remarks made by Mr. Locke were felt by Mark to be peculiarly appropriate to his own circumstances and dangers; and so interested was he that he could scarcely believe that more than an hour had passed away when the lesson was concluded. Before leaving the room Mr. Locke had a few words to say to each of his class, for he seemed well acquainted with them all. As Mark wished him good afternoon, Mr. Locke remarked that their road lay in the same direction, and that he would walk with Mark as far as Mr. Watson's. On their way he asked him about his home, and then it came out that Mr. Locke and his family had been lodging in S—— during the last summer, that he had paid three or four visits even to the shop of Mrs. Steadman, and had several times entered into con-

versation with Uncle Jack upon the pier. This made Mark feel more confidential than ever, and he told Mr. Locke more of his hopes and fears respecting his new life at his uncle's than he would have thought it possible he could have ever confided to a stranger of but a day's acquaintance; but there was that kind of frankness and sympathy about Mr. Locke that always won the trust and affection of the young.

As they reached Mr. Watson's shop, and Mark was about to bid his new friend good-afternoon, Mr. Locke said:

"But why shouldn't you come on a few steps farther, and drink tea with me this afternoon? You have promised to come and see me, and you may as well do it at once."

Mark willingly consented, and they soon found themselves at Mr. Locke's door. He took Mark up stairs into a

pleasant drawing-room over the bank, and there introduced him to a lady, whose kind and lively manner at once made Mark feel at home. On the floor were the two little girls whom Mark had seen in the pew in the morning, with a baby-brother of about six months old. After a few remarks, Mrs. Locke called the little girls to her, and bade them sing to their papa the hymn she had taught them that afternoon; and Mark thought he had never heard any thing prettier than when their sweet little voices sang so perfectly and clearly the hymn he used to know so well:

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, 'Glory, glory,
Glory be to God most high.'

When they had finished, Mrs. Locke rang the bell, and desiring the servant

to take the baby, told the little girls they might have tea down stairs that evening with Mary and baby; and then she invited Mark to come to the table, and began to pour out the tea.

A pleasant conversation followed, which though in harmony with the sanctity of the day, in no way partook of that gloom or affectation which many persons fancy must be inseparable from the consideration of topics beyond the range of ordinary life. Among other things the subject of the discussion-class came up, suggested by a remark made by Mr. Locke, on the tendency in the present day to prefer novelty to truth; and Mark asked Mr. Locke's opinion about it, adding, at the same time, that he had half promised Mr. Cocks to go with him next Tuesday evening.

"I think sometimes," replied Mr. Locke, "that a good discussion on a sub-

ject is a capital thing; it seems to clear away a great deal of that vagueness in which we are often content to leave our ideas, and confirms us in the reasonableness of an opinion, which we might have previously formed rather from some happy combination of circumstances than as the result of much thought. When, therefore, two or three friends happen to fall into a discussion upon some question, and place it in different lights, much benefit may result, so long as truth is not sacrificed for the sake of maintaining an opinion; but I must say, I greatly fear that in these classes, where people assemble together regularly for the purpose of debate, truth is not always the object kept in view. When, therefore, the subjects debated are taken from among those solemn realities which must be held by faith rather than by reason, then I cannot but think that immense

harm must be done by such discussions."

"But there would always be some to take the right side," urged Mark.

"That may be," replied Mr. Locke; "but why is what you call '*the right side*' chosen? It seems to me that in deciding which side to take, it is scarcely possible that any one should be actuated simply by that honest, straightforward desire to see *all*, and *no more* than the truth, which ought to animate us in adopting our convictions. Every subject is regarded as having two sides, one of which must be hastily chosen; and this rapid choice is frequently directed merely by some trivial circumstance or passing whim of the fancy. The mind thus becomes accustomed to the dangerous and degrading habit of regarding truth and error as light matters, either of which may be caught at, just as the

wind happens to blow either in our direction. Under the influence of this spirit, humble, earnest thought and sound judgment soon disappear, and give place to a supercilious levity, which scoffs at and rejects venerable truths resting on a solid foundation of reason and common sense; and yet at the same time will devour with the greatest credulity absurdities which ignorance alone pronounces novelties, and which are utterly devoid of any reasonable basis."

"But do you think that all serious subjects must be avoided?" asked Mark.

"By serious subjects, I do not mean only those we usually call religious," replied Mr. Locke; "I include among them all those questions on which a thoughtful, earnest man would like to arrive at a true and faithful conclusion. But, in fact, it is almost impossible to fix on any subject in which truth is not

involved; and to discover this aright is no trifling matter in which we may follow our own fancies; but it is a serious work, in which we are bound to use our best care and pains, as in the sight of God, in order to accomplish it as perfectly as possible. I think we do right to remember always, in every movement of the mind both great and small, that we are responsible to God for them, and that He will as much take account of these passing impressions and opinions, as of our external actions. It is true the hackneyed quotation of the poet says:

"'For forms of faith let senseless bigots fight:
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right;'

but the sentiment is not a just one unless we understand by 'life' here all the activity of which our natures are capable, whether mental, moral, sentimental, or physical."

"I think I see the danger you mean, as probably arising from the habit of taking a part in these discussions," said Mark. "I had rather thought of them myself as an opportunity of gaining information on many subjects of which, I must confess, I am very ignorant. I should be only a listener."

"I did not intend in any way to say to you, leave these things alone because it is difficult to come to a right understanding of them and there are dangers on the road," said Mr. Locke. "I think every one ought to be engaged in the conscientious cultivation of his own mind, in a diligent search after truth, and anxious for the formation of sound and correct opinions; but I, for one, should not choose a class like this as the means best adapted to these ends."

"What then would you recommend?" asked Mark. "I should be glad of any

means for improving myself, for I find already, now I come to be with others, how behindhand I am. Even in these few days I have heard many things spoken of about which I know nothing. My mother gave me the best education she could afford, but I think it must have been very inferior to that of the other young men at Mr. Watson's."

"That may be," replied Mr. Locke; "but you have plenty of time before you, and by steady work during the next few years may more than make up for past deficiencies. You shall come here some evening soon, and we will have a little examination, and find out your weak points, and talk over the best plan for remedying them."

"Thank you very much," said Mark.

"In the meantime I think Mr. Steadman would much enjoy those nice lectures which Mr. Copeman has been giv-

ing to your class on Wednesday evenings," said Mrs. Locke.

"Yes," replied Mr. Locke; "I was going to tell him of them. A friend of mine," continued he, turning to Mark, "has undertaken to give the class you joined this afternoon a course of lectures, or lessons on English literature. He has already introduced us to some great men of the past, and to their writings, in a most interesting manner; and I am sure you would find an evening pass very pleasantly in this way."

In the evening Mark accompanied his kind friends to the same place of worship where he had attended in the morning, after which he returned home, satisfied that the Sabbath had not been to him at any rate a "dull day," nor unprofitable for the great end for which the day was appointed.

CHAPTER VI

Trials and Encouragements.

Mark had now settled into his new life at Mr. Watson's, and one day succeeded another without any very great distinction. It is not for extraordinary events that we have to prepare ourselves, for life consists for the most part of little pleasures, small trials, and slight temptations, and it is these that we have to watch against, and to use as helps in our spiritual progress: now and then may come some rare storm, or some few weeks of wonderful summer sunshine, demanding unusual strength; but these seasons are not the ordinary weather of life. Mark did not find, however, that he could therefore cease to watch and pray, and let his life take its own course:

even in fair weather, a ship cannot be left to its own guidance, but still requires the attention and care of the captain and steersman.

During the day, he endeavored, as far as possible, to attend to all the duties of his situation, and to promote in every way the interests of his employer; for he knew that it was just this work to which God now called him, and that in the conscientious discharge of it he was doing the will of his Father in heaven, although it consisted merely in carrying out parcels, in measuring out yards of stuff, or in attempting to satisfy the tastes of fastidious customers. In the evening, and at such time as he had at his own disposal, he set to work diligently to remedy the defects in his education, by the study of those things in which he found himself deficient; and he also experienced great pleasure in

attending Mr. Copeman's lectures, in connection with the Bible-class, and in reading many of the books lent him by Mr. Locke. Through these means a new world of fine thoughts and beautiful fancies was opened before him, in the enjoyment of which he forgot many a little worry and passing anxiety, while at the same time his mind became widened and cultivated by this intercourse with the wise and good of other days.

No argument is perhaps now needed, in order to convince people that religion has nothing in it which is opposed to intellectual *progress*, but it by no means follows that all so-called intellectual pursuits are in harmony with the great ends of religion. Intellectual progress can only be maintained so far as truth is always kept in view; errors and chimeras may be pursued by the intellect through their winding, erratic course,

ending in leaving the mind farther back upon the road of ignorance and darkness than when the chase began. Every thing which promotes the *real good* of the soul, the mind, or the body, ought to be claimed by religion as its servant; but as all bodily exercise is not necessarily productive of health, but may tend only to cause fatigue or even disease, so mental activity, unless used rightly, may have no other effect than to distort the ideas, to deform the mind, and to lead the soul away from the true source of all enlightenment and knowledge, down among the dark mountains of error.

It was no easy thing for Mark, as it never will be for any human being, to make the will of God not only his rule of life, but the standard by which to try every thought, opinion, and feeling; and he constantly found himself falling into

the same ideas as were held by those around him, and in danger of adopting their standard instead of the one appointed by God in his word. For instance, it was very difficult to continue to regard with the same reverence and respect, as he once did, those truths which he now heard lightly discussed, and characterized as old-fashioned, obsolete views, rejected by all the "advanced thinkers" of the day; while the insinuation would be added, that it was only because he had lived all his life in one circle, that he still held them. But instead of casting them off as old garments, no longer in the mode, he would ask himself, Is it because I have heard these things from my youth that I believe them to be true? Have they any real foundation for themselves? And in answering these queries, he found the great advantage of such a friend as Mr.

Locke, a man not like himself feeling after things, but who had already travelled the same road and knew every step of the way.

Another temptation which Mark found press upon him very strongly at this time, arose from his constantly having the idea brought before him, both by words and practice, that in order to get on in the world, it was absolutely needful, not only to think as other people thought, but to do as they did, to go where they went, to see what they saw, and hear what they heard; to have, in fact, no standard of manners or morals of his own.

He found himself tempted continually to ask, Why should I be different from those around me? Why, at any rate, may I not do this and that, so as, as far as possible, to be taken for a young man who knows the world? For Mark could

not glory, as some people say they do, in being peculiar; on the contrary, he found it very hard work indeed, so much so, that he often felt as if he could hold out no longer, but must yield to the influences around him, for he discovered much in his own nature which sympathized with these.

Persons sometimes think that in setting out on the Christian course they have become so different in their very natures from those who are living without God in the world, that though they may expect persecution from them, yet they are in no danger of being attracted by those things which charm others; thus a feeling of conscious superiority and of self-security is induced, which, besides being in itself a sin, is no kind of safeguard against the dangers lying before them. Indeed, we not unfrequently see that those who set out thank-

ing God that they are not as other men, are permitted by him to fall into many of the snares which they despised, in order to teach them that they are like others, and that the only difference is in the mercy and grace of God granted to them.

It was about this time that Mark received two letters from home. They came just as he was feeling much discouraged, because that, notwithstanding all his efforts, he yet experienced much of the effects of the atmosphere in which he was living. They may not have all the inspiriting influence upon others in similar circumstances which they had upon him, because, apart from the words of counsel in themselves, they came to him surrounded with all the associations of affection and home; but still they may perhaps be considered worth preserving.

The first which he opened was written

in the large round hand, the lines of which were yet so unsteady, which he recognized as that of his uncle Jack. It began:

"Dear Boy: I have not much of a fist to handle a pen, as you know, for the worst of it is, they will make them so small, that there's nothing to lay hold on. I never was one to refuse to lend a hand to haul a line or throw a harpoon, but then you see, when you've got hold of them you know where you are, and what they is; but I do assure you, if it wasn't for my eyes, I could n't tell you now whether I had a pen atween my fingers or no. If you should meet with any pens a decent size over in Bristol, I'll trouble you to buy me one; so I can't help it if the letters is not so ship-shape as they ought to be.

"I have seen your mother last week, and she read me part of your letter. My dear boy, don't be down-hearted;

if you supposes you 're the first man that discovered quicksands and met with foul weather, why all I can tell you is, that you 're very much mistook. So long as you 've got the Pilot with you, you 'll weather many a storm yet; and we sha n't expect to hear you 've made a wreck of it, for you 're not the first by a great deal, that He have brought through worse dangers safe into port; letting alone that he knows every wave, and every wind, and every rock, as well as any thing, for have n't he made the whole voyage first of all himself, and alone? As the hymn says—it goes best to 'Portugal'—

" 'By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.
Each sweet Eben-Ezer
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.'

Therefore, my dear boy, cheer up, mind your orders, keep a good look ahead, let every thing be in sailing trim, and never mind a few squalls. The Lord bless and keep thee, and make his face to shine upon thee.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"JOHN MASTERS."

The other letter, Mark saw with pleasure, was from Mr. Griffiths:

"My dear Mark: I was much pleased to receive your letter, and have been waiting until I could command a little leisure, that I might reply to it more at length. I am glad to hear that you like your situation so well, and find your companions so pleasant, but am not surprised at the difficulties to which you allude.

"I believe there is but one way of overcoming the influences of worldly associations, and that means, happily,

lies in every one's hands; it is, to use more than ordinary diligence in endeavoring to keep the mind filled with holy thoughts and feelings, and firmly fixed on God's truth. Many persons fancy that to lead a spiritual life, some extraordinary revelations are required, and some very peculiar line of conduct must be adopted; but the common way in which God blesses our souls, and by which we may daily grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, is by the frequent study of his word and constant prayer for the grace of the Holy Spirit. I have no better plan to suggest to you than this old-fashioned one; and I must remind you that faithfulness and diligence in the use of these means are far higher qualities in themselves, and more blessed of God, than ingenuity in discovering new methods of obtaining the blessings we need. The greater you

find your tendency to be influenced by earthly things, give the more time to prayer, meditation, and the study of the Scriptures. These exercises, I believe, lie at the root of all strength and holiness of character; they are the true food of the soul, the sap by which we maintain our union to the Vine, in which our life consists. By these we may hold fast to Christ our Saviour and our hope; and in thus clinging to him, we shall not fall, though our enemies may be many and subtle. Take courage then, my dear Mark; as long as you hold fast to God, be assured he will never forsake you, or suffer you to be tempted beyond what you can bear, and beyond what is good and needful for you. I am very glad that you have been able at once to let it be seen whose you are, and whom you desire to serve. Very much depends on this; for if you allow yourself

at first to be considered as belonging to the world, it is exceedingly difficult to declare yourself afterwards, and every word and act that does this will be a battle; whereas by taking your ground at once, you will be expected afterwards to live according to the part you have chosen.

"With regard to your question about what are called 'worldly amusements,' I really have very little to say. You do not of course refer to those of which the pleasure consists in sin; there can be but one course in regard to these; and as to those which cannot with justice be called evil in themselves, you can judge by the effect on your own mind.

"Many things, though they may not be absolutely unlawful, are yet not expedient. And other engagements are undoubtedly of the world, and can only suit a worldly spirit; their associations

and tendencies are unfriendly to religious habits and feelings. Cultivate cheerful piety; avoid all that is frivolous and unseemly.

"You will be glad to hear that your vacant place in the class is already filled by a lad whom your Uncle Jack picked up on the pier one Sunday afternoon, and persuaded to attend. He had only come to the town the evening before, and has been under good influences at home, so that we are very much pleased to get hold of him. I saw your uncle last Sabbath. He was on his way to the *Bethel* ship, and looked very well and happy, having three young sailors in tow.

"I hope, my dear Mark, you will write me a long letter again soon; pray remember the pleasure it is to me to hear from you, and how much interested I am in all your difficulties and temptations;

write to me freely, and ask me as many questions as you please. I often think of you, and pray that God may train you by these trials into a good soldier of Jesus Christ; for we are not called to put on the Christian armor merely that we may live a life of ease, but that we may fight the battles of the Lord.

"Believe me always

"Your very sincere Friend,

"HENRY GRIFFITHS."

CHAPTER VII.

A Trial of Principle.

The six months appointed by Mr. Watson as Mark's probation were now drawing towards a close. Three weeks only of the term remained, and Mark was becoming very anxious to know his uncle's opinion of his services, and whether he considered them worth retaining at a fixed salary. He had endeavored, as far as he could, to perform every duty which fell to him as perfectly as possible, and to seek his uncle's interest in disposing of the goods in the shop to the best of his power, "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye;" and hitherto he had found that the service of God, for him, consisted in thus attending as faithfully and diligently as

he could to the duties of his situation as junior assistant in his uncle's shop. So well had he done this, that Mr. Watson had frequently commended his prudence and sagacity in many little matters connected with the business; and Mark, while daily seeking help from God in his work, had come to the conclusion that godliness is as profitable for the life that now is—meaning by that, the getting on in the world—as it is for the life to come.

A circumstance, nevertheless, now occurred, for which he was wholly unprepared, and which led him to see that, however much prudence and industry, with God's blessing, may tend to earthly prosperity, yet that in themselves they must never be the end of the Christian, whose aim is to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, trusting in Him to add all other needful things.

"Ye cannot serve God and mammon," is as true in these days as when our Saviour first uttered the words; although it is equally true that we see many good men who, while serving God first, have been blessed with the riches and prosperity of this world.

It happened one day that in opening a package newly received, Mr. Watson took out a piece of silk, which he desired Mark to measure off into dresses of twelve yards each, and mark as such. Mark measured the silk, and found there were barely thirty-five yards.

"I must cut one of the dresses only eleven yards, sir," said Mark; "there are scarcely thirty-five yards in the piece."

"What an abominable shame that is," exclaimed Mr. Watson; "that 's the way they all serve us now-a-days. No, you must divide the silk into three; I

can't afford to lose a yard of that silk; I've paid ten pounds for that piece, and I must have three dresses out of it."

"Of course I am not to mark them at twelve yards," said Mark.

"And why not?" asked Mr. Watson.

"Because they won't be much more than eleven yards and a half," answered Mark.

"I can't help that," replied his uncle; "it's not my fault. If other people cheat, I can't afford to lose."

Mark hesitated, and put the silk down.

"Come, no nonsense," continued Mr. Watson; "I am sure I wish with all my heart the old times would come back again, when men dealt honestly with one another; but it's no use now-a-days. You must buy and sell as other people do, or else shut up shop altogether."

"But why need '12 yds.' be marked on these dresses?" said Mark.

"Why," replied Mr. Watson, "if you mark eleven yards and a half, of course a customer will expect to pay less, because of the short length. You 'll never do business that way, boy; so do as I 've told you at once."

"I don't think it can be right," began Mark.

"Hold your tongue," said his uncle; "it 's my affair, and not yours. It 's my shop, and my goods, and it is I who say it, and not you. You only do as you are bid;" and he hastily left the shop.

A hearty laugh behind him caused Mark to turn round.

"Oh for Diogenes and his lantern!" exclaimed Charlie Archer. "Here, ladies and gentlemen," continued he, pointing towards Mark, "here you behold the remains of that extinct species of humanity—the honest man. In the days when mastodons and ichthyosauri

walked about upon the earth, this lost race of mankind is also supposed to have existed. Civilization and commerce have, however, driven them to the utmost limits of creation, and there is no room for them now in any well-to-do community. Here, in this mistaken individual, you behold one of the last specimens, and I strongly recommend him either to shut himself up in a glass-case and take himself about as a curiosity, or to depart for another sphere, where his special characteristics may be appreciated. He is certainly not fit for the dirty business of this work-a-day world;" and saying this, he took the piece of silk out of Mark's hands, and proceeded to measure off and mark the dresses as Mr. Watson had directed.

It happened, unfortunately, as perhaps some may think, that the same afternoon, a lady whom Mark had already served

to several things, happened to catch sight of one of these dresses lying on the counter. She immediately asked to look at it, inquired the price, and then said, "You are quite sure as to the quantity, I suppose?"

Mark hesitated: Mr. Watson was standing near; but Mark could not tell a direct lie.

"Will you be so good as to measure it?" said the lady.

Mark took up the measure; but at that moment Charlie Archer came forward, and taking it out of Mark's hand, said in his most polite manner, "I measured these very dresses by Mr. Watson's desire this morning, so that I am quite sure as to their length; but still, if you desire to see it done, ma'am, I shall have no objection to do so over again."

"Certainly not," replied the lady, "your word is quite sufficient; besides,

I do not know that I have made up my mind to purchase one; I rather think I will consider of it a little, and wait till the season is more advanced."

Charlie Archer added a few more words of persuasion, but without effect, for the lady left the shop without making any further purchases.

A few days after this, Mark was alarmed by a message that Mr. Watson desired to see him in Miss Finch's parlor. He went up stairs, and with fear opened the door; for though he was not conscious of having done any thing wrong, yet the very idea of a private interview with his uncle made him feel timid and uncomfortable.

"I wanted to speak to you, Mark," began Mr. Watson, "because the time is so nearly expired for which I engaged you on trial. In many respects, I have been very much pleased with you; but

there is one thing which I fear will greatly stand in your way, and prevent your ever becoming an efficient assistant and good man of business. I do not wish to refer to any particular circumstances, but what I mean is a disposition to question and cavil about things. To get on in the world it is necessary to act with decision and at once, without waiting to call up any fanciful notions or scruples of conscience, as perhaps you may term them; such hesitation and delay are always fatal to success. You must take the world as it is, and deal with it in its own way; you can neither make it what you would like, nor can you do business in it otherwise than after its own fashion. For my own part, I much regret the present state of things, and I really believe, with all the talk there is about the spread of religion and doing good, that people only get worse

and worse, and are ready to take advantage of one another in every possible way. That being the case, one can only look out for oneself; and, as I have said already, much as I deplore the necessity, yet one must act according to the way one is treated by others. Do you understand me?"

"I do not exactly know what you mean me to do," said Mark, who was but little given to analyze motives, but rather judged of an action by the prompt verdict of a conscience cultivated according to the principles of God's word.

"Why, I should have thought you might have seen it," replied his uncle, a little impatiently. "What I mean is, that I cannot have you disputing and questioning about what you have to do here. There is nothing I hate so much as a prig, and I never will have one in my establishment. I have told you al-

ready that I have the best and soundest reasons for all I wish you to do—reasons which, with your ignorance of the world, you may not be able to enter into; I wish, therefore, to come to an understanding with you at once, and let you see plainly that I am not going to suffer my way of doing business to be called in question by you, and condemned as not being in accordance with some weak notions you may have in your head, or as in opposition to some trivial precept you may have learned in the Sunday-school, which was only intended to be applied to a boy's conduct, and had nothing whatever to do with business affairs."

"But surely, sir, you allow that each man ought to consider his own actions, and avoid what is wrong for himself? I did not mean, I assure you, to judge of yours in any way," said Mark.

"That's a mere quibble," replied Mr. Watson. "If your conscience, or whatever you call it, will not allow you to do what I tell you—you, in your refusal, judge and condemn me; and that is a species of priggishness that I never will endure."

"I must think of whether a thing is right or wrong for myself before I do it," answered Mark.

"Of course, of course," said his uncle, "you need n't pretend to teach me that; I am not referring to your private actions, only to what you do as my assistant."

Mark was silent for a moment. He could not quite see why he was to cheat and tell a lie for his uncle, and yet hesitate to do the same for himself; and he feared that, apart from the sin in either case, the habits might so grow upon him that he should before long lose his sense

of integrity in all the relations of life. Before he could speak again, however, his uncle continued:

"I would willingly keep you, Mark, on many accounts. You are a steady lad, not like many now-a-days, and I should be glad to help your mother, for she is a good woman; and the way she has kept you all since your father's death, without applying to his relations, does her great credit. I also take into account that, having been brought up by her, your ideas would naturally be a little romantic: women always like to inculcate all kinds of exalted sentiments that are wholly useless when one gets out in the world. Now, I think if you do not make any perverse endeavor in your own mind to retain these impressions, they will all wear away in a little time, and then you will make a valuable assistant. Mr. Green is leaving me

soon, and I should raise your position and salary."

"But," said Mark, "what I am most afraid of is, lest my ideas of right and wrong should become in any way changed, and lest I should be overcome to seek my own interests instead of endeavoring to serve God. If I did stay with you, sir, this is just what I should try the most to watch and guard against."

"Then," replied his uncle, "I have nothing more to say. I have told you my opinions, and have taken some pains to explain them to you. Perhaps experience may make you see these things in a different light. Hitherto your peculiarities have stood little in your way—nay, very likely you have heard yourself praised for them; but when you find how hard it is to get on now-a-days, and how impossible sometimes to get bread to eat even, you will find that

all which I have said is perfectly true. and you will bitterly repent your present folly."

Mark left the room, his mind thoroughly disturbed and confused. He longed for solitude to think out the ideas thronging in upon him, among the most prominent of which was the feeling that God no longer blessed and prospered the righteous, but that it was the wrong-doer whose evil works were crowned with success. Fortunately for him in his present frame of mind, instead of dwelling on these thoughts, he was obliged immediately to throw himself into active occupation, and thus when the evening came and he was left to himself, his excitement had in some measure subsided. Then he began calmly to consider whether it really was impossible to serve both God and mammon, and if so, whether there were not

a certain hardness and injustice in the fact that in yielding his whole allegiance to God, the maker of all the earth, in whose hands were all its blessings, he should thereby suffer the loss of his situation, and of as it appeared to him, the only means by which he might provide for himself and help his family.

Mark did not know that this was the very question which had so perplexed David, and that the same difficulty had also presented itself, at some time or other, to almost every one who has earnestly desired to serve God, and tempted him to cry out in the bitterness of his depression, "How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High? Behold, these are the ungodly who prosper in the world; they increase in riches. Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency." But when the psalmist went into

the house of God, then he was enabled to understand better the purpose of God in the arrangement of those things which concern our lives upon earth. He saw then that the ungodly are often set on high slippery places to their own destruction; and that the distribution of the treasures of this world does indeed lie in the hand of God alone, but that they are used by him not as mere rewards for right actions, but as part of a grand system of training, by which the souls of those who trust in Him are continually prepared more and more to live in another world than this; for this "meetness for heaven" does not consist in any peculiar magical transformation, but in the daily growth within us of all those qualities which are there most highly esteemed, and are needful for entering into the employments and pleasures of that higher sphere. Such quali-

fications for living in that world as love, self-denial, patience, unbounded trust in God, humility, courage, sincerity, are all the fruits of that training which God here provides for us; and this world is ours not in the sense of possession, but in that it supplies all the materials which are needed for this cultivation. It was when David saw this that he could cry out, notwithstanding the prosperity of the wicked and the trials of the righteous, "Nevertheless, I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

It was not possible for Mark, who knew so little of life, either in himself or others, and had never experienced the beneficial effects of trial in his own character, to understand at once what was the meaning of the fact which now

surprised and pained him; but he turned from the perplexing consideration of it to look up to God in that faith which is possible to all. "Is it true," thought he, "that one cannot, as I once thought, meet with the reward of honesty and diligence in earthly prosperity and success? But still God is above all; he is our Father, and it must be for some wise reason that all my best efforts have ended in failure. One can only press on in the same way, for his favor is better than life, and our Saviour, when he was tempted to make the supply of his wants his first thought, replied: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

CHAPTER VIII.

As is the Master, so is the Servant.

It happened one day, a short time after Mark's conversation with his uncle, that when he entered the sitting room to dinner, he found his companions busy discussing the merits of some entertainment, a bill of which they held in their hands.

"It is a first-rate affair, I know," said Mr. Cocks, as Mark took his seat at table; "and I should think even Mr. Steadman would have no scruples of conscience at attending such a thing as this."

"Combining instruction and amusement," said Charlie Archer, "with nothing to offend the most fastidious taste;"

and he handed Mark the bill of announcement.

Mark looked at the bill, and saw that the entertainment was a lecture on the Music of England, illustrated by concerted pieces of different periods. "I should think it would be very nice," said he; "and I should like very much to go."

"It's first-class, I know," asserted Mr. Cocks again, "and every body ought to hear it."

"Suppose we take a family ticket, and go in style for once," suggested Mr. Green; "you see we can have one to admit four to the reserved seats for ten shillings; that will be only half-a-crown apiece."

"I am afraid I cannot go," said Mark suddenly.

"Why upon earth not?" exclaimed all three of the young men at once.

"Because I can't," replied Mark; "I'm very sorry, but it is quite impossible."

"Trust your good people for being disagreeable," said Mr. Cocks; "it's just what they delight in."

"Indeed," replied Mark, "it is not that; I should like to go very much indeed, if I could; I do not mean that I see any harm in it, only I cannot, that is all."

"He can't because he can't," said Charlie Archer; "and that's a reason that no one can answer; so let him alone."

Just then a call from the shop summoned Mr. Cocks away, and nothing more passed on the subject during the meal.

In the evening Mark paid a visit to Mr. Locke, and with some difficulty made up his mind to consult him about

his future. Mr. Locke fully approved all that Mark had said to his uncle, but he suggested to him that probably Mr. Watson might yet be unwilling to lose him as an assistant, for he must at any rate feel that he could depend on Mark's honesty and integrity as regarded himself and any thing intrusted to his care; and this he might, in thinking it over, regard as so valuable a qualification that he would consent to dispense with an implicit obedience to those directions which Mark could not conscientiously comply with. Mark himself had little hope of this, and it wanted but a few days now when the six months of his probation with his uncle would be over. When Mark returned home, he found to his surprise Charlie Archer in the parlor, for it was seldom that either of these young men spent an evening in the house. As Mark entered, he threw

down the book he had been reading, and exclaimed: "I 'm thankful to see a fellow-creature at last; for here I 've been for the last hour, poring over one of Green's stupid novels with the most awful headache, and no one to speak a word."

"I should have thought you would have been glad to have been quiet," said Mark, "if your head is so bad."

"I dare say you would," replied Archer; "but quiet does not suit me. I am not fond of reflection, unless it is some very agreeable anticipation of the future."

"It 's a good thing sometimes, when one has nothing better to do, to review oneself a little," said Mark.

"That, I have no doubt, is a highly agreeable occupation," answered Archer, "when one looks in and sees everything arranged in perfect order, so

that one can stand and admire the gratifying result with a pleasing glow of satisfaction; but unfortunately that is not my case. If I ever venture to glance within, I see such a jumble of matters, good, bad, and indifferent, all thrown together in such hopeless confusion, that I hastily draw back, and rush off to something more entertaining. I dare say now with you it is otherwise; and I remember once when I used to enjoy thinking what a good little boy I was."

"I should suppose that was when you knew less of yourself than at present even," said Mark.

"That's very true; I certainly did know very little of myself in those days," replied Archer; "but you see other people thought I was a very excellent boy, and so I easily persuaded myself that it was true."

"When was that?" asked Mark.

"Oh, years ago; quite in the dark ages!" said Archer. "I was at school then, and the masters and many of the boys were what you would call decided Christians, and so I fell in with the rest. I found it was easy and pleasant to do so; and hearing good things often talked about, and good feelings so often described, I in a certain way adopted them all for my own, and had grand ideas of preaching the gospel to others, and going out as a missionary to distant lands. I fancied I liked self-denial, and I thought I should find all the world just like those who were then around me. My father was a missionary, but he and my mother both died in India, and I was sent home to my uncle. He had a large family of children of his own, and could not afford to spend much upon me; at least so he always said; but he sent me to school, and there also I passed most of my holi-

days too, for there was generally some reason why I could not return to his house. Towards the end of the last half year, I wrote him a very fine letter, in which I set forth in a highly exalted style my desire to devote myself to the conversion of the heathen in distant lands. I thought, when I had written it, that it was a beautiful production, quite fit to be inserted in the memoir of myself, which I had no doubt would be written after, of course, my early death. To my surprise, my uncle appeared to regard it in quite a different light. He wrote back a few lines, to say that the whole scheme was absurd; that there were no means of my going to college, but that I must bestir myself at once to get my own living, and put all such fantastic ideas out of my head."

"And what did you do?" asked Mark.

"It was a great blow to me at first, I

must confess," continued Archer, "to find that those ideas and feelings I had been used to think so praiseworthy were not held as such by all the world. Still, I knew that good people often were persecuted, and so I made up my mind that I was going to be.

"Very soon there came another letter from my uncle, telling me that he had found a situation for me in Bristol, in a linen-draper's shop. I really was no hypocrite, Steadman, whatever you may think. I assure you this was a bitter disappointment to me, though of course it was all nonsense about being a missionary, and I see now that my uncle was quite right."

"But, Archer," said Mark, "you could have served God as well in a draper's shop as in a heathen land."

"So my master at the school kept telling me," replied Archer; "but, some-

how, it seemed altogether a different affair to me. Still, I came here with some ideas of being an example to all my other companions, and of teaching and benefiting them. When I arrived, however, I found they treated me at once as just like themselves. This rather put me aback; I had expected to be persecuted; but finding they discovered nothing to laugh at in me, I was very careful that they should continue to treat me so pleasantly. Very soon I found that it was easier to amuse them than to improve them; so I gave up the latter idea altogether. I am not like you, Steadman; you let us see the first night you came what you were; but I must confess I have not your courage."

"Why, Archer," began Mark, "I should have thought that you didn't care for what any one said of you, you are so ready always with an answer,

and can turn the laugh against any one who attacks you directly. Now, for me, I really find it the most difficult thing very often to get the words I know I ought to speak out of my mouth. Oh, you don't know what hard work this has been to me since I have been here; and I am sure, without God's help, I never could have got on at all."

Archer was silent for some time, pressing his hands to his forehead.

After a while he said suddenly: "Mark, why did you refuse to go to the entertainment this morning? Do you imagine there can be anything wrong in it?"

"My reason had nothing to do with that," said Mark. "I simply could not bring myself to declare openly that I was so ill-provided with money when I came here, that I have not even half-a-crown to spare now."

"Oh, that was it," said Archer. "Well, that is no matter, you can just borrow that of Mr. Watson."

"But I do not like to ask him," answered Mark, "especially just now."

"You need not ask him for such a trifle as that," replied Archer. "Take it, man; you can pay it back in a day or two, when you have your salary."

"Take it!" exclaimed Mark. "What, from the shop? Indeed, Archer, I could not do such a thing."

"Why, what's the matter?" said Archer. "I did not say, *Keep it*, I only suggested to you to borrow it. It is just what everybody does; only you are so green and ignorant."

"But I do not think it would be borrowing it, unless Mr. Watson lent it. No man has a right to help himself to another's property without his leave,"

replied Mark. "Oh, I am certain it is not right."

"Well," returned Archer, "you may argue about it, but Mr. Watson cannot complain; for, as you yourself know, he *takes*, not *borrows*, from his customers, half a yard of silk, worth half-a-crown, besides numbers of other things of the same kind, which he cannot make up to them in any way. Now I cannot agree with Green altogether, who considers that if he stops away from supper a few nights, he thus repays Mr. Watson for what he may have borrowed; and I think he estimates the expense his supper would be, if he ate it here, too highly. If I take any thing, I keep an account of it, and put it back most scrupulously as soon as I get my salary. Why, if you chose, you can even pay interest. But I shall have less necessity for borrowing again, for I am to have Green's situation

and salary when he goes; and you I suppose will step into mine."

"No," replied Mark, "I shall leave next week. My six months are up then, and Mr Watson does not wish me to stay."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Archer. "How is that?"

"Why, I dare say you will think it very foolish," said Mark; "but I cannot agree to do every thing he wishes, without any consideration whether it is right; and he says, therefore, I shall never make a good salesman, and I had better leave at once."

"Foolish! I should think it was," replied Archer. "Don't go, Mark; you'll find it far harder than you think to get another situation, and besides, in many places you might have far worse things to do. Make up your mind to it; one must live in the world, and it will all

come right by-and-by, and easy enough to you. Remember what I have told you about myself."

"Archer," began Mark gravely, "I do not in the least believe you were a hypocrite then; I believe you really felt all you thought you did, in a certain way; but I am sure you did not then feel exactly the same as I do now."

"And how is that?" asked Archer.

"Why," said Mark, "I have never had such good thoughts as you describe about going out as a missionary, and perhaps I have thought too little about doing good to others; but I feel as though no life could be so insupportable, as one in which I should be called upon in any way to offend God, and to break the commands of Him who has been beyond all expression good to me, in that he gave his life that I might live, and has helped me in ways that I cannot tell

you about. How could I agree to any thing, then, which I know is displeasing to my best friend and Saviour?"

"Mark," replied Archer, "you are too good for this world, that's the fact. One must live, as you will find by-and-by. Miracles of loaves and fishes don't happen now-a-days."

"Why did you once wish to be a missionary?" asked Mark.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Archer; "because I knew no better, I believe. I fancied then that it was a fine thing, for I often heard it spoken of in this way, and I thought I should like to be the best thing I could be, and I expected every one would think I was very good to wish for it. It was something like that."

"Archer," began Mark again, after a little silence, "I think—I am afraid at least—I do not know—but I cannot

understand this being your only feeling about it."

"I know what you want to say perfectly well, my good fellow, with all your 'thinks' and 'afraids' and 'can't understands.' You want to tell me," said Archer, "that you do not believe I ever did really understand religion, or took it up as a thing of the life and heart—that there was no principle in me. Well, perhaps it was so; at any rate, I have given up the idea now, and cannot begin the same thing again here: after all, these things are very uncertain; I must take my chance."

"O Archer," said Mark earnestly, "how can you speak so? Surely, if you look at it merely in the light of self-interest; if you only believe that there is a heaven and a hell, and a way to enter the one and escape the other, it is of deep importance to us to know what that

way is; and it is worth while, at any cost, to enter upon it, and to strive to walk in it. Even if you do not regard the claims which God has upon us to accept by faith the salvation he has offered us in his Son, and to give ourselves up to his service, yet, for the sake of our own souls, it is a serious matter to reject and trifle with these things. Do not be angry with me, Archer, but I do think that you never have really known what it is to feel oneself as a sinner, utterly lost as regards heaven, or a true life in this world, until Jesus takes one up, and gives one life and joy and hope."

"Ah, Steadman," said Archer, rising, "I am a bad subject, I believe, and my head is splitting, so I must really be off to bed. Good night."

Mark looked vexed as Archer took up a candle and was leaving the room. Just as he had reached the door, however, he

hesitated a moment, and then coming back, he put his hand on Mark's shoulder, and said:

"Don't look so grieved, old fellow; I am not in the least hurt at any thing you can say to me, and there—well—I try to brave it off as well as I can; but if it is any consolation to you, I assure you, since you have been here, I have thought a great deal about my own condition, and bothered myself finely at times. I know I am all wrong, but I feel as though I should never be any thing different."

"O Archer," said Mark, "indeed you need not think so, I am sure—"

"Never mind. Good night," interrupted Archer, and left the room.

A new and strange feeling took possession of Mark's mind that night. It was the first time that he had realized that he might exercise an influence for

good over others. He had always been so accustomed to look on himself as among the learners, rather than the teachers, that he had scarcely regarded it as possible that he could produce any impression on another mind, or direct in any way its thoughts or feelings. Now an earnest sentiment of pity filled his soul, which was in itself both sweet and painful, as he thought over the state of his companion; and he felt as though he could do or suffer any thing, so that only Archer might be brought to know and feel those truths, the possession of which was all the world to himself. He knew that the power and love of the Good Shepherd could be extended to every wandering sheep; and Mark earnestly besought the Saviour that night, to bring this wanderer into the holy and happy number of his flock.

CHAPTER IX.

The Scarlet Fever.

"He must be removed at once," were Miss Finch's decisive words to Mr. Watson, as she descended the staircase with him on the following morning.

"We will wait, at any rate, till Dr. Long comes," replied Mr. Watson; "but I think myself there 's no doubt that it is scarlet fever."

"It is always desirable to act with promptitude," said Miss Finch. "Delays in these cases are most dangerous: lodgings must be taken for him at once."

"Perhaps it might be well to make inquiries in the neighborhood," answered Mr. Watson. "But it won't do, of course, to have it known that there 's a case of scarlet fever in the house, or

every one will be afraid to come near the shop. If it's only a slight attack, I should think you might manage to keep it all quiet up stairs. Archer is too useful to me to be able to afford to lose him out of the house. We don't know when we might get him back again."

"And what is to become of *us?*" exclaimed Miss Finch in horror. "I assure you, Mr. Watson, I, for one, could not possibly remain in a house where there was scarlet fever. It is the most infectious of epidemics."

"But I dare say you had it when you were y—, I mean, some years ago," said Mr. Watson, correcting himself before he had spoken that word, which Miss Finch abhorred almost as much as the scarlet fever.

"That may be," replied Miss Finch, "but people never are safe; and I as-

sure you, Mr. Watson, no power on earth will induce me to remain another night in the house, if that young man is to be ill here with the scarlet fever."

"I never said he was to remain," replied Mr. Watson, somewhat impatiently. "If it is likely to be a bad case, of course he must go. I only want to consider what would be the best for the business. I expect Dr. Long will be here directly, and until he comes I shall do nothing."

Here Mr. Watson entered the door into the shop; and Miss Finch, who supposed she ought not to go out until the doctor had called, in case Mr. Watson might wish her to make some further arrangements about lodgings, went into her room, (which was on the same floor as her parlor,) and putting on her bonnet, cloak, and furs, she returned to her sitting-room, and throwing open both

the windows, allowed the bleak December blast to blow through the room, while she sat in the farthest corner shivering with cold and fright, utterly regardless that there were any sufferings which it might be in her power to relieve, or any one in the house needing a kind, cheering word.

Due caution in regard to infectious diseases is more than merely prudent, it is right, and the duty of every Christian. There is something, in fact, that seems to offer defiance to God in that reckless spirit which fancies itself secure from every risk; but, on the other hand, where the danger is very slight, and the duty very apparent, surely such fears are not only the result of a contemptible cowardice, but are utterly repugnant to that true spirit of self-forgetfulness, of which Christ himself was the most noble example.

Mark had heard at breakfast-time that Archer was not well, but he was busy in the shop all the morning, and was therefore greatly surprised and grieved when in the afternoon of the day he was told that Archer had been removed from the house to lodgings in the neighborhood.

"And very thankful I am sure we may all be, Mr. Steadman," said Miss Finch, who, in answer to Mark's inquiries for his friend, communicated to him this intelligence, "that this step has been taken at once, for Dr. Long says that it is likely to be a severe attack. I only hope we may none of us already have taken the infection. For my part, I have kept the windows of my apartment open the whole day, and am now going to the chemist to purchase fumigating powder."

"But is there any one with Archer?"

asked Mark. "I am afraid he has no friends who could come to him."

"An excellent nurse has been provided, Mr. Steadman," replied Miss Finch; "and you may be sure she will pay him every proper attention, and carefully pursue the course recommended by our esteemed medical attendant."

"I was not thinking of that exactly," said Mark.

"Of course no one in this house will be allowed to go near him, Mr. Steadman," said Miss Finch. "Indeed, I believe Mr. Watson wishes that the address of the lodgings should not be mentioned in the house, in order to prevent any kind of communication. I do not even know it myself."

"I should not think of going there while I am here," answered Mark. "There would be the danger of carrying the infection to others; for myself,

I should not be afraid, as we all had the scarlet fever at home a few years ago."

"You never can be too safe," said Miss Finch. "My opinion in such matters is, that the first duty of everybody is to take care of himself."

"If every one did so, what would become of people when they were ill, Miss Finch?" Mark ventured to suggest.

"Of course I did not refer to doctors and nurses, Mr. Steadman," replied Miss Finch; "they are paid for the risk they run."

Mark said no more, for a feeling of deep sadness filled his mind, such as he had seldom before experienced, at the thought of Archer's being so ill, and with no friend near him to speak a word of hope or consolation to his troubled spirit. Only last night Mark had stayed awake, fancying all that he would say to Archer the very next time he could get an

opportunity of talking with him. Then this opportunity had seemed so probable and easy; but now he should be leaving Bristol in a few days, and would most likely never see his companion again. How he wished now that he had only known yesterday of this, or that he had earlier endeavored to become better acquainted with him, and had spoken more openly to him of the danger he was running in trifling with such solemn realities so deeply concerning his own personal welfare. Mark felt as if he had been perhaps so much occupied in fighting his own battles, as to be unconscious that beside him was a comrade wounded and beaten down in the combat, and needing the aid of a friend.

Two or three days passed by, and Mark could obtain no news of Archer. Miss Finch was quite laid up with a very severe cold, which she had taken in con-

sequence of exposing herself to the cold air from the open windows in her anxiety to escape the least chance of infection from the fever; which, considering the age of the good lady, and that she was to some extent protected by having already had the disease, was certainly choosing the worst evil of the two; the one being nearly imaginary, the other real. Archer's place had been already temporarily supplied, and Mr. Watson had said nothing to Mark as though he wished to retain him after his time was up, which would be on Friday. He had therefore written to his mother, telling her that he expected to go home on that day.

On Wednesday Dr. Long called, and wished to see Mr. Watson. Immediately after his departure, Mark went to his uncle, full of anxiety to hear some news of poor Archer. The account which his

uncle gave him was most distressing. Dr. Long thought very badly of the case, and gave but slight hope of recovery; the object of his call on Mr. Watson was to inquire whether none of the young man's friends could come to him. He was perfectly satisfied with the skill and attention of the nurse, but considered that the patient's present symptoms were aggravated by the depression of mind which came upon him at every return of consciousness. Mr. Watson had told Dr. Long, that on the first day of Archer's illness he wrote to his uncle at his request, but had since received a letter from him, wishing Mr. Watson to see that his nephew had every thing necessary, but also adding that in consequence of his own young family, it would be impossible that either he or his wife could come to him.

"It is very sad," concluded Mr. Wat-

son. "I am sure I would gladly go and see him if I could, but I should be afraid for my own children at home; and besides, it would not do on account of the customers: you see people are so very particular."

A general depression seemed to come over every one in the house as this sad news was known. Scarcely a word was spoken at the dinner-table, for they all remembered how Charlie Archer had so lately been the very life of the party, and how his lively remarks had always served to call forth a laugh from his companions, and to keep them amused. The ideas of terror and gloom which most of them associated with death, made the contrast of his present condition all the more striking to them, as they recollected his late vivacity. And more than that, the suddenness with which this awful summons had come to one who a

day or two ago appeared as unlikely to receive it as any of them, could not fail to produce an impression upon their minds in reminding them how closely they might be advancing to the borders of another world, the qualifications for which were of a very different nature from those by which they were hoping to succeed in this life. The great truths on which depend our future destiny assumed a very different aspect now from that of mere dogmas, which might be made the subjects of irreverent, trivial discussions, and which were to be received or not as fancy or fashion might dictate.

As for Mark, his mind was so completely occupied with what he had been told of the state of his poor friend, that he could scarcely attend to any thing else; but at last, after much thought and prayer, he formed the resolution of going

to him, if possible, immediately on leaving his uncle's, hoping that he might, by God's help, be of some use and comfort to him. But first of all he thought it right to ask his mother's advice and permission, because he felt he could not cause her any anxiety on his own account without her consent, though he fancied he knew pretty well what she would say. He wrote her a very long letter therefore, that evening, and told her all the particulars of Archer's illness, his friendless state, and described also, as well as he could, what had passed between them the evening on which he was first taken ill. Having done this, he felt he could only wait patiently till Friday came, and he should be free.

On Friday morning he received the following letter from his mother.

"My dearest Mark: I have been thinking a great deal over your long

letter which I received this morning. At first I almost felt as though I must go myself at once to that poor young man; but this, you know, is impossible, as I could not leave the business here. I seem as though I could think of nothing else all day but his being alone there in that sad condition, with nobody near him to speak a word of the mercy and grace of the blessed Saviour. My dear Mark, I could not tell you not to go to him; if there was any relative that could be with him the case would be different, but if God wishes to send a message to his soul by you, my dear son, how could I bid you not to take it? I have thought about it and I have prayed about it; and this afternoon I saw Mr. Lewis passing by, who attended all of you when you had the scarlet-fever three years ago, and I asked him what he thought about it, and he says,

my dear, that the risk would be next to nothing for you, as you had it so lately; but still, you had better take proper precautions to keep in good health. He asked, why did n't they send for a clergyman or minister to see him? but I know in illness that 's a word here and a word there, just as the sick person wants it and can hear it, which is of use. Very often if any body comes, it 's at the wrong time, and sometimes a long conversation with a stranger is very bad for the patient; besides, I expect you 'll find, my dear, that the poor fellow is out of his head most of the time, and it 's only just now and then that you may be able to say a word to comfort him; and then if you are there, and you find he would like to see any one, you can send at once. I hope and pray that God will direct you for the best in every thing. I have generally found in ill-

ness that it is n't so well to *read* much—just a verse or so *repeated* now and then is much more comforting and not so tiring, because you see, my dear, when people are ill their minds are as different as can be from when they are well. If I were you, I would just try continually to keep the blessed Saviour before him, as though he was indeed a true, living, loving friend, standing by and saying now, just as much as when he was on earth, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor, and I will give you rest.'

"If there's any thing you want to know about, or if there 's any thing I can send you from home that you think the dear lad would like, you let me know at once. I do wish I could come to him, poor fellow; I suppose he hardly ever knew his mother, from what you say; but she was a good woman, and died busy about the Lord's work, so

you may depend upon it he wo n't desert her boy. I have no doubt there 's many of her prayers yet to be answered for him, that she put up when he was but a little baby. I thought of so many things I wanted to say to you, but they seem all gone out of my head now: you must write to me every day, my dear Mark, and let me know how you are getting on, for I shall be so anxious to hear; and if you feel the least bit ill in any way, be sure you tell the doctor directly. You may be certain I shall be always praying for you and for Mr. Archer too. God bless you, my dearest boy.

"Your ever loving mother,

"MARY STEADMAN."

On the receipt of his mother's letter, Mark went at once to Mr. Watson, and told him of his intention of going to take care of Archer instead of returning home

that day, as he had previously decided to do.

"It is very kind, I am sure," said Mr. Watson; "and as your mother wishes it, I do not see any objection. I hope you will find that he has every thing which is necessary; but if he wants any thing he has not already, I beg you will just send me a line to let me know."

"Thank you, sir," said Mark.

"And I may as well say now," continued Mr. Watson, "that I shall always retain a high opinion of your character, Mark, and if you hear of another situation, I shall be very happy to say all I can for you. Indeed, if you were wishing to go into a bank now, or any place of trust, I should not object to stand security for you, which is more than I would do for any other young man I know, now-a-days. I do not think you are fit for our line of business, as I told

you before, and I am sorry for it; still, if I had n't this very morning engaged a first-class salesman in Green's place, I would not mind keeping you another six months, just to see if you would n't get accustomed to it. What you want is to see a little more of the world and its ways, and then you would not think so much of your own opinions."

"Thank you," replied Mark; "then in taking another situation, you will allow me to refer any one to you."

"To be sure," said Mr. Watson; "I shall be most happy to say what I know of you, and I hope you will soon hear of something to your mind, and get on well. In the meantime, you will do well to think over all I have said to you, and sooner or later you will find it is quite true."

Mr. Watson then gave Mark the address of Archer's lodgings, and wishing

him good-by, left him to pack up his box, ready to be sent round to him.

As Mark put in his things, he could not help thinking of the evening six months ago, when he had watched his mother, as she, far more carefully than he was doing, fitted one package after another into that box, while he stood beside her, full of hopes and fears as to the future, neither of which he had found to be realized. He had trembled then, as he thought how hard it would be for him to maintain the life of a Christian amid so many opposing influences, and he had greatly feared lest in the end he might be led to deny Christ, and make shipwreck of his faith; mingled with these fears were dreams of hope as to all that he would do and become.

Mark had hoped that by industry and honesty he should make himself so valuable to his uncle, that he would rise

by degrees, until he became a partner in the firm. Then his mother was to give up her business to his brother Joseph, and to come and live with him in rest and plenty for the remainder of her days. But how strangely different it had all been! Instead of rising to a higher situation, his uncle did not even consider him fit for the one he held, and predicted no success for him in the future. As for supporting his mother, he was returning to be a burden upon her, though he determined that this should be only for a short time. The advantages which he had fancied were his, in having so prosperous a relative as Mr. Watson, had turned out to be just nothing at all; and he found that instead of depending on the power of his uncle to help him forward and advance his position, he could only still repeat the daily prayer of his childhood to his Father in

heaven, "Give us this day our daily bread." On the other hand, he had learned two great lessons in regard to his former fears and fancies about the world. One was, that in entering into a sphere of danger, in obedience, not to our own inclinations, but to the call of duty, we may fully depend on the promise of God, that for every temptation which we may meet with there, he can and will grant a corresponding sufficiency of grace to enable us to resist it; and having this divine strength within us, we shall prove the truth of that saying, "Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world."

The second lesson he had been taught did much to correct his previous notions, as to what the world really was. He no longer regarded it as some strange monster, which "to be hated, needs but to be seen." On the contrary, he dis-

covered so much in his own nature which constantly disposed him to sympathize with its opinions, tastes, and feelings, that he felt convinced that the enemy he needed to watch and pray against was not some new foreign foe, but in fact a part of *himself*, which he must carry about with him wherever he might be. Let him live where he might, if he yielded to this side of his frail nature, he would, he felt sure, become worldly; for "the world" was nothing more than an assemblage of people who thus lived; the only difference to himself being, that in their company the temptation to give way was much stronger than when surrounded by those who were animated by a higher principle, and the struggle, therefore, to live the life of a citizen of heaven so much the harder.

CHAPTER X.

The Visitor and the Sick Penitent.

In the afternoon, about two o'clock, Mark having said "Good-by" to his companions, and having been admitted to a farewell visit to Miss Finch, who was now well enough to be reclining on the sofa in her sitting-room, dressed in a *robe-de-chambre* of scarlet flannel, left his uncle's house, and proceeded to Archer's lodgings. He had very little idea of what he should do when he got there, but the desire to comfort and help his friend was strong within him, and he trusted that the best way to do this would be made plain to him when the time came. He had scarcely ever seen any one ill; and his idea of sick persons, and of what they did and said, was

principally gathered from various books which he had read. He therefore fancied that Archer would at once begin to speak to him of his state of mind as clearly and sensibly as though he were well, and that he would be ready at any time to hear Mark read, or say any thing he thought proper.

Oh, how very little do those who have never known severe illness imagine how difficult it is at such times to fix the mind on any subject, even though the most important interests may be involved in it. An erroneous impression too much prevails, that suffering has a tendency in itself to turn the mind to the contemplation of heavenly things; whereas the fact is, that the natural effect of physical pain is to deaden the feelings, to obscure the understanding, and to fix the attention so strongly on the body, as to create a more than ordinary indifference in

regard to the soul. It is readily acknowledged, that in such slight indispositions as fall to the lot of all at times, the mind is unfit for its usual engagements in the affairs of life; but it is not fully realized that a "sickness unto death" is nothing more than a greatly aggravated state of weakness, pain, and incapacity of just the same nature, being only different in degree. Ask any practical person—a medical man or a nurse—about the peculiar clearness and perception with which persons are supposed, in the last hour, to see things in a very different light from when in health, and to feel an interest in subjects to which they have hitherto been perfectly indifferent, and they who have been constantly in the habit of watching sickness and death will answer that they scarcely understand what you mean.

Some accounts have been written,

which, because they are so rare, have therefore been thought worthy of record, of the death-beds of certain individuals whose eventide has been brighter than their day; but, generally speaking, even those who have long known and loved the Saviour, and who for many years have been living on earth as citizens of heaven—even these, once so ready to respond to every holy thought and sentiment, exhibit at last, when the perceptions are confused and dim, and sensation fails, less of that vivid interest and emotion which they displayed in health at the mention of that precious Name, and in every thing in any way connected with his service.

And if those who, during their lifetime, have often been constrained to say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee," find that when heart

and flesh are failing they are *less*, rather than *more able* to think and feel as they have been accustomed to do, is it at all likely that any will find this an advantageous state in which to attempt, for the first time, to direct the mind to a subject hitherto neglected and treated with indifference, and in which every thing has yet to be discovered and learned? It is true that the power and love of the Saviour have been manifested to some who have long rebelled against him, even in the last extremity; but let none imagine that this has been because the mind was then more free to accept this mercy, or more capable of understanding the way of salvation. The records of such rare cases are only designed to show us that forgiveness through Jesus Christ is granted to *all* who seek it by a true faith, even to the very verge of the time allotted to us on earth; but the plain fact is, that

very few who have lived to that hour careless and unconcerned have any wish or power to seek it then.

On Mark's arrival at Archer's lodgings, he asked first to speak to the nurse, who appeared to him a very intelligent, gentle-looking person, very different from the one or two specimens of the same class which he had previously seen. She informed him that his friend, though still exceedingly ill, had seemed more conscious during the day, and better able to take nourishment. This was a great relief to Mark's mind, for he had feared he might be too late to be of any use to the poor young man. He told the nurse that he was a friend of Archer's, and that he had come to stay for a few days with him. She seemed much pleased to hear this, and said that she thought it was just the thing that would do him good when he got a little

better. She then went up stairs, and coming down again presently, told Mark that Mr. Archer seemed to be awake, and she thought he might as well go up and see him at once.

Mark was startled and shocked, as he entered the room, to see the great change which the few days' illness had made in his companion. He had expected to see him looking thin and pale, for he fancied that every one appeared thus when in illness; but as he took a seat by the bedside, he felt as though he were about to speak to a stranger, and could scarcely believe it was really Charlie Archer whom he saw before him. The novelty of the situation, and the unusual appearance of the invalid, quite took away from Mark the power of saying any of those things which he had previously resolved on, as appropriate to the occasion. He sat for a few minutes in silence, over-

come by a strange feeling of shyness and incapacity, until the nurse called Archer's attention to him by saying, "Here, sir, is a friend come to see you. You will like that now, won't you?"

Archer opened his eyes, and looked at Mark for a minute or two, as Mark took his hand, and asked him how he was.

"I don't know," replied Archer. "How did you come here?"

"I came here on purpose to see if I could do any thing for you," said Mark. "The doctor said he thought you would be glad to have some one with you."

"Thank you," replied Archer. "I don't want any thing," and turning his head wearily on the pillow, he closed his eyes again. Mark had seldom felt more awkward and uncomfortable in his life. He did not in the least know what to do, where to go, or what to say. He still

had the strongest desire to help and comfort his friend; but yet he seemed to be of no use, and he almost wished that he could go away. He had expected that Archer would be quite overcome with joy at seeing the face of a friend beside him; and he had fancied how they should almost immediately have begun to talk of those things which he thought must so much oppress Archer's mind in his present dangerous condition. But, excepting in occasional visits to the sick-room, the afternoon was spent by Mark alone in the bedroom which had been assigned to him. Here he could only pray to God for his friend; and feeling now most deeply the futility of all human aid, he was led the more humbly and entirely to cast this care on God, and to trust wholly to the infinite power and love of Christ to help and save, even at the last moment, the sinner who should

come to him. Mark remembered those words, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," and on these he endeavored to rest his hopes.

About six o'clock the nurse brought Mark some tea, and asked him if he thought she might go out for half an hour, as she had not been able to leave at all during the last few days, and whether he would mind sitting with his friend. Mark was only too glad to be employed, and to find that, after all, he need not be wholly useless, if he could do no more than relieve the nurse occasionally. She told him Archer seemed to be asleep, and would not require any thing till her return, as she had given him the medicine a short time before, when she had also asked him if he would not like to see Mark, but he had not taken any notice of what she said.

Mark softly entered the sick-room,

and sat down near the door. Here he remained for some time in perfect silence, broken only by the sound of occasional footfalls in the street, the dropping of the embers from the fire, or the opening and shutting of a door below stairs. At length two or three restless movements on the part of the patient caused Mark to get up and go towards him. He fixed his eyes on Mark for a minute, and then he said:

"I thought it was all a dream that you were here."

"No," replied Mark, sitting down beside him, "it was no dream; I am really here, and I am come to stay with you for a few days, to see if I can be of any use to you; so I hope you will order me about just as you please."

"Thank you," replied Archer, "I wanted you so; but I did not think it could be true that you were really here."

"Did you?" exclaimed Mark. "O Archer, I would have come if I could before now, but I only left Mr. Watson this afternoon. I am so glad you want me to stay."

"Yes, do stay," said Archer earnestly. "You must not leave me again; you won't, will you?"

"No, indeed," replied Mark; "I will stay with you as long as you like, never fear."

"I have thought of you many times since I have been so ill," said Archer. "I wanted to talk to you, but my head is quite lost, and I don't know what to say. I can't even think. You must talk to me."

"Shall I repeat a hymn to you?" asked Mark. "I think that will be better for you than talking, perhaps."

"Thank you," said Archer.

Mark then repeated the beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is nigh:
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing stream abound,
Make and keep me pure within."

"Thank you," said Archer, when Mark had finished; "that is enough."

Mark wanted to say something else, but he did not know how to begin. He

found it so difficult to decide on what was just the right thing to say; but after a short silence he said with some effort:

"Archer, if you are at all afraid that Jesus Christ will not save you, I am quite sure that you need not be, for he is only waiting for you to put your soul into his hands."

"Yes, Mark, that is just what I wanted to say," replied Archer, "only my head is so bad, I cannot think of any thing. I was going to say that it was of no use for you to repeat hymns like that one to me. There was a time when I think I might have been able to enter into it, but I gave it all up for the sake of getting on and being like others. Only the other day, I thought what a fool you were, Mark, to leave Mr. Watson, and I was so pleased that he had given me Green's situation; but I see it

so differently now, when it's too late, for I believe it's all over with me."

"Indeed," replied Mark earnestly, "I do not think so. I don't say this only just to comfort you, Archer, but I do most honestly believe, that if you can only just give up your soul to the Saviour, and trust in his power and grace to save you through the merits of his precious blood and righteousness, it is not too late for you. You know that '*now* is the accepted time,' not any particular time which you may think of, and which is passed away. Try to think that he is now standing close to you, waiting to say, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.'"

"I am so stupid and confused that I can think of nothing," said Archer, moving restlessly, "except that all the past keeps coming into my mind, whether I will or no. It's no use, Mark."

"But whenever the past comes back," said Mark, "try to look away from that to Jesus, and try to realize that his mercy and merits are far greater than our sins."

"I will try," said Archer; "but it s all up with me, I know."

Just then the nurse returned, and soon after the doctor paid his evening visit. Mark had quite hoped from what the nurse had said on his arrival, that the medical man's report of the state of his patient would have been better than it was. In answer to Mark's inquiries, Dr. Long shook his head, and said he did not think there was any improvement; there were some symptoms even which he thought indicated a less favorable state than when he had seen him in the morning.

Towards night the delirium returned, and the nurse told Mark she thought he

had better leave his friend and go to bed, as he could be of no further use then, and might, after some hours' sleep, be able to relieve her for a little time in the morning. To this he unwillingly consented, the nurse having promised to call him immediately if any change for the worse should occur.

Mark was quite certain that he should not be able to sleep, but after many an earnest supplication that God would have mercy on his friend, and in the last hour even, reveal to him pardon and peace through Jesus Christ, he fell asleep; and on waking found, to his surprise and annoyance, that it was already daylight.

The account which he received from the nurse that morning was very bad. Archer had passed a very restless night. He was now quieter, and she thought, more conscious; but during the last few

hours his throat had become so much worse that it was with the greatest difficulty she could induce him to make the effort to swallow any thing, and he seemed also to have almost lost the power of speaking.

Mark sat beside him for some time during the morning, occasionally repeating a hymn or some passage of Scripture, such as he thought might tend to calm his mind and direct his thoughts to the Saviour. He could not, however, be always sure that Archer understood what he said, or was aware of what was passing around him, excepting that once or twice he opened his eyes and fixed them on Mark in a peculiarly earnest manner, which made the nurse think, that though less capable of holding communication with others than yesterday, his mind might yet be in itself more clear and conscious.

This gave Mark courage and hope, and strengthened his faith in the belief that God would hear his prayers for his poor friend, and show him at last the greatness of the power and mercy of the Saviour.

The visit of the doctor only confirmed Mark's worst fears. Soon after he was gone, Archer appeared to sink into a stupor, from which he could not be roused to take either food or medicine, and from which the nurse thought he never would again awake. This to Mark was very painful, but he felt that his friend was in the hands of One whose love far exceeded his own, and that, if it was never granted to him to hear from his own lips that he had at last found rest in the power and mercy of the Saviour, yet he could not but trust that this salvation had been made known to him in these last hours.

Mark did not like to leave the house, though he did not spend the whole of that long day in the sick-room. Whenever he could relieve the nurse, he sat beside his friend; at other times, by Dr. Long's advice, he stayed for a while in his own room, so as to get a little change of air. But he found it difficult to employ himself in any way, until, at last, he began to write a letter to his mother, telling her that, in all probability he should return home in a few days, and describing all that had passed since he had been with Archer. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon that he was thus occupied, when the nurse called to him; and on his going into Archer's room, she told him that she believed the last change was come on. Mark went up to the bedside, and taking his friend's hand, he could not help exclaiming involuntarily,

"Oh, Archer, are you happy now?"

To his surprise, Archer once more opened his eyes, and fixing them with an earnest gaze on Mark, he said in a low whisper, and with great difficulty, "Is that you, Mark? God bless you! Jesus has been with me all this day. Into his hands I commit my soul."

This was all; but it was more than enough for Mark. As he bent down, his feelings became perfectly uncontrollable, and he scarcely knew where he was, until the nurse reminded him that it was all over, and that he had better leave the room. He found it almost impossible to realize at first that the anxiety and earnest longing of the last few days were at an end, that he need have no more care for his late companion, and that he now no longer needed those prayers which, only a very short time since, he had offered up so earnest-

ly on his behalf; and then came naturally the remembrance of Charlie Archer as he had first seen him only six months ago, full of life and gayety, having apparently so peculiarly strong a hold on this life; and he could scarcely persuade himself that all this had passed away in so brief a space of time. But from this he turned to the remembrance of his last words, and to the hope that he was now with Christ in paradise. This seemed to bring heaven very near to himself; he felt as if he too had been to the gates of the new Jerusalem, though it was not yet permitted to him to enter, but given to him, rather, still to fight the good fight, and to serve God with good and true service upon earth. Oh, that he might be enabled to endure to the end, and to be found busy about his Master's work, and not his own, when he should call him!

Mark was disturbed from such thoughts and feelings as these by a visit from Dr. Long, who undertook to see Mr. Watson, and make all the necessary arrangements. Mark then finished his letter to his mother, and fixed to return home by the steamer which left Bristol on Monday evening; and though he would have still liked to follow the earthly remains of his friend to their last resting-place, yet he felt sure that his mother would feel anxious if he remained any longer in that house, and would desire to have him with her now as soon as possible.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Mark sometimes spoke afterwards of this day as one of the happiest of his life. There was such a calm solemnity about those quiet hours, such as he never remembered before to have experienced. The noise and strife of earth were so far away, and the joys of heaven so near,

that it seemed a light thing now to "choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;" and Mark could scarcely believe that, only so short a time ago he had thought so much of this world, and of how he should get on in it, as to be almost tempted to give up seeking first the kingdom of God, and to endeavor rather to serve his own interests, and let obedience to God's commands be second to what might tend to his own advancement. Now he felt, as he had never done before, what that "good part" really was, and how blessed were they who chose it, and held to it through life to death.

In the afternoon Mr. Locke called, on his return from his Bible-class, and persuaded Mark to come out with him. Mr. Locke, as has been already said, had a peculiar faculty for entering into and

understanding the ideas and feelings of those with whom he came in contact, and Mark greatly enjoyed the quiet talk with him over all that had passed during the last few days. He insisted on bringing Mark home with him to tea, and had this meal prepared in another room for Mark and himself, in order to avoid any danger of infection to Mrs. Locke or the children. They afterwards went together to the evening service, and it was with deep regret that Mark bade farewell to this kind and true friend.

CHAPTER XI.

The Return Home.

The steamer was to leave the Hotwells at the early hour of one o'clock in the morning; and at ten Mark went on board, where, after supper, he made himself as comfortable as he could for the night. The weather was cold, but clear and frosty; they had a very quiet voyage; and at about nine o'clock, Mark, as he stood on the deck, again caught sight of the well-known rocks over which he had so often clambered, and soon after the vessel entered the harbor, past the pierhead where Captain Jack's black ball announced that the tide would permit them to go up to the town.

Mark looked out anxiously along the pier, expecting to catch a sight of his

uncle; but on arriving at the quay, the first object that met his eye was his sister Mary, with the good captain beside her, waving his glazed hat with every demonstration of welcome and joy. The plank was scarcely laid down before he had hobbled upon the deck, and seizing both Mark's shoulders with the iron grasp of his large hands, he exclaimed:

"Thank the Lord you 're safe in port again, my boy, and come back with your colors up. I can't say we 're not all very glad to see you; and not so much ashamed of you neither as might have been."

And as Mark followed his sister on shore, Captain Jack continued to exhibit his intense satisfaction to all around him by a succession of beaming smiles, sundry knowing twitches of his eyebrow, and several very vehement jerks of his elbow in the direction of Mark.

As they drew nigh to the house where

the little Highlander still maintained his post at the door, Mark caught sight of his mother, and hastened across to greet her. They all entered the house together. Mark's first business was to do justice to the comfortable warm breakfast which his mother had prepared for him; and this being ended, and many inquiries made and answered, Captain Jack, taking out his great watch, said, "It wants three-quarters of an hour now of the time when she 'll be looking out for me to haul her down, so I must be soon; but before we part, I should like for us to sing the 121st psalm, common metre; tune, 'London New.'"

"To heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

"Their feet shall never slide to fall
Whom he designs to keep;
His ears attend the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.

"He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

"Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His watchful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

"He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come:
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God command thee home."

Mark had been scarcely more than a fortnight at home, when he was surprised, one day, to receive a letter from Mr. Watson. It was very short; but he stated, in a few words, how he had discovered that he had been defrauded to a considerable extent by the young men in his employ; that he was now about to dismiss those he had, and to engage others; and he wished to know whether, if Mark had not yet found another situation, he would return to him.

"I believe," concluded he, "that your conscientiousness is a genuine article, and not an inferior imitation which will not stand the wear and tear of circumstances and self-interest; and if you consent to return, it shall be on no conditions other than those imposed by your own conscience. I also desire that you should at once take the position due to my nephew, and you will be acknowledged as such by me."

Of course Mark decided to accept his uncle's proposal; and very thankful indeed did he feel that God had again opened this path before him, for he was persuaded that it was quite possible to maintain the perfect uprightness of character demanded by the law of God, and yet to be an active, clever, and by God's blessing, a successful man of business.

It will not be necessary to follow Mark again to Mr. Watson's, nor to

watch him any longer, as he still fought his way against the world, the flesh, and the devil. We have seen him take his first step—and it was but the first—in that course which was to end only with his life. In taking this first step, we have remarked the great advantage which he at once gained by letting it be seen plainly who and what he was; what master he meant to serve; what he really believed, and meant to stand to. Had he first waited to see what opinions would be the most popular, and what course of action the most approved, the probability is that, like many others, he would have lost his ground at starting, and have never, perhaps, been able to recover it afterwards. It is easy enough, many will feel, to talk or write of doing this; but only those who have made the effort know how hard it is to enter alone among the ranks of the ene-

my, carrying the standard of the cross. Yet it is not alone, for no faithful servant of Christ ever is alone: in this respect the servant has an advantage over the Master, for Christ fought that battle alone which we fight by his side and under his command. He came into the world, dwelt in it, mixed among the multitudes thronging the great highway of life, and fulfilled his work in it, yet was not of it; and he says to us, "As the Father hath sent me into the world, even so have I sent you."

LIFE ILLUSTRATED SERIES.

Beautiful Volumes for Children.

Helen Maurice. A narrative of every-day home life. Three Engravings.

The Glen Cabin, or Away to the Hills. Exciting scenes among the White mountains. With Cuts.

Dora Hamilton. The experience of a Merchant's daughter. Three Cuts.

Lilian. A tale of three hundred years ago. Four Engravings.

The Huguenots of France, or The Times of Henry IV. Some of the most stirring incidents of history. With Cuts.

Evelyn Percival. Highly interesting sketches and characters drawn from life. Three Cuts.

Ilverton Rectory, or The Non-conformists of the Seventeenth Century. Founded on fact. Four Engravings.

Allan Cameron. The eventful life of a Scottish clergyman's son, developing a character of rare beauty and nobleness under the moulding power of religion. Illustrated.

Walter Martin. Progress through obstacles to a position of great usefulness. Three Cuts.

Clayton Allyn, or Learning Life's First Lessons. With Engravings.

Save the Erring, or The Gospel Purpose. A pleasing and instructive Narrative. Three Cuts.

Effie Morrison, or The Family of Redbraes. A narrative of truth. With Illustrations.

The Weed with an Ill-name. Lessons from nature impressed upon the heart. With Cuts.

Our Village in War-Time. Thrilling life-sketches, inculcating true patriotism and piety. Illustrated.

The Swiss Children. Welcome to the little exiles from abroad. Two Cuts.

The Missing Boat. The perils of mischief, and safety of true repentance. With Cuts.

Madeline. The history of a New England girl. Illustrated.

A Little More. The value of contentment. Two Engravings.

The Lighthouse-Boy. A moral lighthouse for boys.

May Coverley. The faithful young Dress-maker. Illustrated.

Abel Grey. Raised from poverty to be a distinguished Musician. With Cuts.

Down in a Mine. Thrilling narratives of fact, illustrating the Coal-miner's mode of life, his dangers, and his security. With Engravings.

The Happy Fireside. Pleasing glimpses of home life in a model Christian household. With fine Cuts.

Kelly Nash. The boy who "did n't think." Illustrated.

Cheerily, Cheerily. An original American book, worthy of a place in every family library. Three Cuts.

While They are With Us. A series of narratives showing our duty to friends. With Engravings.

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK;

And for Sale at New England Branch, 104 Washington-street, BOSTON; 1210 Chestnut-street, PHILADELPHIA; 7 Custom-house place, CHICAGO; and in other cities and towns.

This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below

10m-11,'50(2555)470

Y
IFORNIA

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 081 997 9

PZ6
A1M34